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RECOLLECTIONS.

BY W. W. LONG.

Do you remember that night in June,
That beautiful summer weather,
When down the roses' path we strayed,
With love and hope together?
The moon above the mountain's brow
Shone with a silver brightness,
The zephyrs sang amid the trees,
Our hearts were filled with lightness.

The fragrant breath of mignonettes
Came to us on the quiet air;
The world in peacefulness lay still,
And all was wondrous fair.
I close my eyes and dream again
Of that one perfect night;
Again I feel your hand in mine,
And life seems fair and bright.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED).

THE sergeant saluted and followed the coroner into the sanded parlor where the jury were waiting. The proceedings were commenced at once, but at a very early stage there came an interruption. A four-wheeled cab stopped at the door outside, creating no little commotion among the little crowd of idlers who had gathered there, and out of it a short, pale man, very much muffled up, was seen to descend and enter the public house. There was a moment's curious pause, and then came a knock at the door.

"Come in," responded the coroner.

A policeman entered and saluted.

"Beg pardon, sir," he exclaimed, apologetically; "but there's a gentleman outside as thinks he can identify the body."

"Very good. Take his name and address, policeman, and show him upstairs," directed the coroner. "Let me know the result."

The policeman closed the door and returned to the new-comer, whom he found sitting down on a bench outside. He repeated the coroner's directions to him.

The stranger hesitated for a moment. Then he drew a small morocco case from his pocket and took out a card.

The policeman held it between his thumb and forefinger and scrutinised it.

"M. de Feurget, 19 Craven Street. Very good, sir. Will you come this way?"

The policeman crossed the passage and descended the narrow creaking stairs. The other followed slowly, holding on to the banisters with one hand and with the other pressed to his side. At the top of the landing he paused and gasped for breath.

"Seems to me you ain't scarcely fit to be out," remarked the burly policeman, pityingly.

"I'm not—well," M. de Feurget answered. "Is that the room?"

The policeman nodded, with his hand upon the handle. M. de Feurget checked him.

"One moment. Do me—a favor, will you? Let me—go in—alone. You—wait for—me here."

The request was backed by a solid and glittering argument, which was irresistible. The policeman was but human, and sovereign tips are scarce. Besides, there was no harm in it—it wasn't even against orders. So he opened the door and stood aside while M. de Feurget passed in.

It was twilight in the room, and at first he could see nothing but the dim outline of a figure stretched out upon the iron bedstead. He moved a step toward it, groping his way and staggering like a drunken man. Then he stopped suddenly, covered his face with his hands, and half turned away as though he dared go no further. He moved a step nearer—gazed with fascinated eyes at a spot on the white sheet, and wondered how it came there. Again he moved another step, and his fingers rested upon the coverlet which concealed the face. Dare he raise it? How his fingers, his knees, his whole frame, quivered with an unutterable horror. God! that this should be she!

The hand with its wedding-ring had been left hanging down. He caught it passionately in his and bore it to his lips. He held it away from him, and looked at the blue veins and white fingers with streaming eyes. It was hers; he recognized it. Farewell hope! Farewell all dreams of an altered and a happier future! Welcome grim, black despair!

Dead! Murdered! With a tenderness which no woman's touch could have equalled, he lifted the coverlet from her face and gazed into the still features. It was she. Beautiful in life, beautiful in death, beautiful forever in his heart. Dead or alive the last embrace should be his, and throwing himself down on his knees by the side of the rough bedstead he pressed his trembling lips to her cold forehead, and folded his arms in one last passionate caress around her still, lifeless form.

* * * * * *

Downstairs the coroner was growing impatient, and at last sent a messenger up to know how long the gentleman was going to be. M. de Feurget met him on the stairs and returned with him.

"I am glad to say that I am not able to positively identify the deceased," he announced. "She is not the person of whom I am in search. At—at—the same time I have seen her before."

"Do you know her name?" the coroner asked.

M. de Feurget shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. I met her abroad, I believe, but where I cannot say. I feel some interest in this sad affair, on that account, and if—if it would be permitted—I should be glad to arrange for the funeral."

The coroner thought that there would be no difficulty.

"Perhaps, sir, as you feel some interest in the matter, you would like to remain during the inquest," he added courteously. "Something may happen to refresh your memory, and any evidence as to the antecedents of the deceased would be very acceptable to us."

M. de Feurget bowed and took the chair which was offered to him.

"I should certainly like to watch the proceedings," he said, quietly.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER INQUEST AND ANOTHER VERDICT.

"Call the first witness!" ordered the coroner sharply.

The policeman threw open the door, and fixed his eyes upon a little knot of men and women who were whispering together in a corner of the passage.

"Mike Beaston," he called, "you're wanted! Come this way."

A tall, broad-shouldered man in the garb of a navvy detached himself from the group and came forward. The policeman solemnly beckoned him into the room, motioned him where to stand, and closed the door.

"Your name is Mike Beaston?" inquired the coroner.

"I should like ter see the man as said it warn't," was the somewhat pugnacious reply. The witness had been preparing himself for the unaccustomed ordeal through which he had to pass by frequent visits to the tap-room, with the result that without being drunk he was inclined to be quarrelsome. But a glance at the coroner sent all the Dutch courage oozing out of his heels. The latter was used to such witnesses and knew how to treat them. He had assumed an air of the severest displeasure, and the frowning gaze which he bent upon the unfortunate Mr. Beaston was particularly disconcerting to that gentleman.

"Answer simply yes or no," he remarked, sharply. "Your name is Mike Beaston?"

"Yessur," was the much-subdued answer.

"What are you by trade?"

"Shure I work at anything. I ain't 'ticular. I've been on a job at Egson's Wharves the last month, sur."

"You lodge at 19 Bloomer's Place?" asked the coroner.

"For shure, yer honor," replied the witness.

"And your room was on the floor above the one occupied by the deceased?"

"Yes, sur."

"At what hour did you return home on Tuesday night, the 17th?"

"'Bout arf 'our arter closing time."

The coroner looked up, mystified.

"Do you mean——"

"Beg pardon, sir. He means after the public houses are closed," interrupted P. C. 198, insignificantly.

The coroner accepted the explanation, promptly snubbed P. C. 198 for interfering, to the delight of the witness. P. C. 198 assumed a gloomy air of outraged dignity, and during the remainder of the examination did not open his lips.

"Did you go straight to bed when you got home?" the coroner went on.

"For shure I did; what else wur there for me to do in my bit o' a room? I just tumbled on my bed, and it's meself wur fast asleep in less than no time, yer honor."

"You heard no noise in the room below?"

"None, yer honor."

"Nor as you passed it on your way up?"

"No, sur."

"Not even voices?"

"Not even voices, sur. It was all as quiet as the grave."

"Until what time did you sleep?"

"It wur about half-past six when I woke up, and turned out straight away."

"Tell me what you saw on your way downstairs."

The witness, who was now quite at his ease, ran one hand lightly through his hair, and after a brief pause to collect his thoughts, commenced volubly, but disconnectedly, to explain the circumstances which led to his being connected with the case as witness. He was on his way downstairs, and was just passing the door of the room below his when he noticed a dark stain on the boards, which, when he put his foot on it, he perceived was wet. He struck a light, and, stooping down, found to his horror that it was blood which was slowly trickling in a little stream from underneath the door of the room which he was passing.

"Indeed, yer honor, I wur fair dazed, I wur, when I see'd it, and I didn't do nawthin' for a minute or two but look at it. Then I cum to meself, and I knocked at the door. 'Mrs. Ward,' sez I, 'Mrs. Ward, open the door, there's a good 'un;' but there warn't no answer, so I just put my foot against it, like, and open it went. I've seen some queer sights in my time," the witness continued, in an awed tone, "but that theer was a licker, and no gammon. It wur awful, for shure. She wur a-lying flat on the floor with her head about a yard off the door, and one of her hands clutched in the bed things, and there were a long, thin knife—a queer shape like—buried in her chest. The blood had flowed from where she wur stabbed right underneath the door. It made me feel rare and bad just to look at it. I sez, 'Missus, who's a-done it?' but, Lord, it warn't no use speaking to her. She wur dead as a door nail, stiff, and almost cold. Well, I just felt her, and I sings out for Mrs. Judkin, and, be jabers—I beg your pardon, your honor—but there wur a rare to-do then. I just sez, 'Mrs. Judkin, here's rare goings on,' and she peeped in the room, and she went straight off into one of them there fainting fits. Then a lot of others they came in, and I off and fetched a doctor and a copper—this 'un here, yer honor," the witness remarked, indicating Police Constable 198 by supercilious gesture. "There warn't no other about, so I had to bring him," he added apologetically to the jury. "I knowed he'd make a blooming hash of it all the same."

The coroner bit his lip, and so did several of the jury. Police Constable 198 looked scornfully indifferent, or rather tried to. Mike Beaston grinned and bore a sharp reprimand from the coroner with exemplary meekness.

A few more questions were asked, but without result. Evidently the witness had told everything he knew of the affair, so he was dismissed.

"Mrs. Judkin is the next witness. Shall I call her, sir?" inquired Police Constable 198.

"Mrs. Judkin, the landlady? Certainly," said the coroner.

Mrs. Judkin was called, and a plain, hard-featured woman stepped into the room. She was dressed in a rusty black gown, which had evidently seen better days, and had a shawl of the same sombre hue twisted around her shoulders. Unlike the last witness, she was evidently perfectly at her ease; but there was an air of extreme caution, not to say wariness, in the slow replies which she gave to the questions that were asked her which was decidedly not prepossessing. Before she had been before him five minutes the coroner had decided, rightly or wrongly, that she was keeping something back. The idea naturally quickened his interest in the case.

"How long had the deceased been a lodger of yours?" he asked.

"Nearly two weeks, sir."

"What was her occupation during that time?"

"She did no work, sir, as I know on."

"She paid you regularly, then?"

"Pretty well."

"Did it never strike you that she was a different sort of person to your other lodgers, for instance?"

"Can't say as it did, particular. I didn't take much notice of her."

"She gave you the name of Mrs. Ward when she came?"

"Yes."

"Had you any reason to suppose that this was not her real name?"

"No. I didn't bother my head about it. One name was as good as another to me."

"How did the deceased pass the time if she did no work?"

"I don't know. How should I? I've summut else to do besides watch my lodgers about."

"She went out occasionally, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; she went out sometimes."

"Did she ever go out at night?"

"I don't know as she did," the witness admitted. "She kept herself respectable,

seemingly. She was mostways at home crying at nights."

"Did she ever have any visitors?"

"Never until the night she was murdered."

There was a slight sensation among the jurymen. M. de Feurget, too, leaned forward with nervously twitching lips and bloodshot eyes. He was evidently deeply interested.

"She had more than one visitor on that night, then?"

"She had two."

"Did they come together, or at different times?"

"At different times."

"Were they both men?"

"Yes."

"Now, tell me at what time the first one arrived."

"About half-past nine."

"Can you describe him?"

"No, I dunno as I can. He just knocked at the door o' my room; so I sez 'Come in,' but he didn't no more than just come halfway in like, and I wur a-setting t'other end wi' a little oil lamp on the table by me, so he wur in the dark like. He just sez, 'Which is Mrs. Ward's rooms?' and I sez 'Second floor front!' and off he goes. He wur a little chap and thin—about the size of that there gent"—and she pointed to M. de Feurget, who frowned and seemed ill-pleased at the comparison.

"How long did he remain upstairs?"

"Not more than 'arf an hour, I shouldn't think."

"Did you hear their voices?"

"Yes, now and agen."

"Were they talking in a loud key? Did they seem to be disagreeing?"

"Summut of that sort. She wur a-sobbing and carrying on, and he wur terrible angry."

"You didn't overhear any part of the conversation?"

"No. I didn't listen."

"What happened after this first visitor had left?"

"Another gent came about ten minutes afterward."

"Did you see anything of him? Can you describe him?"

"No, that I can't. He wur tall and slim, and had a beautiful voice, but I couldn't see nothing of his face, he wur so muffled up. I know one thing about 'm, though. He wur a gent, the proper sort, too."

"Did he ask you for Mrs. Ward?"

"Yes. I called out 'Fust door on fust landing,' and he says 'Thank'ee,' and off he goes."

"Mrs. Ward's room was the one just above yours, then?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear them talking?"

"Never once; they were very quiet."

"You did not hear any quarrel or scream, or the sound of any falling body?"

"Nothing."

"That seems very strange. Of the two visitors, it certainly seems as though the last must have been the murderer. And yet you say that you did not even hear an ordinary quarrel?"

"No."

The witness had suddenly become taciturn. She stood nervously drawing her shawl closer around her shoulders, and, notwithstanding the closely-set lips, there was an air of irresolution about her which the coroner was quick to notice.

"Did you see this visitor when he came downstairs?"

"No."

"Did you hear him?"

"No."

"Then you don't know how long he was upstairs?"

"No."

"You are quite sure that these answers are absolutely correct? You are on your oath, remember."

"I am quite sure."

"Then you neither saw nor heard anything of deceased or of this visitor from the time of his arrival to the next morning, you were summoned upstairs by Mike Beaston?"

"No, I didn't."

"And you will swear that Mrs. Ward had no other visitor that night?"

The witness was evidently disturbed. She hesitated and changed color.

"I don't know nothing about that," she answered slowly.

"Have you any reason to suppose that the deceased had any other visitor upon that night?"

"She might 'a 'ad. It's like this, you see," the witness continued, reluctantly; "the room next to Mrs. Ward's I lets by the night when I gets the chance, and I'd let it for that night to a woman called Betsy Urane. I 'eard her cum in 'bout two hours arter the second gent had gone up to Mrs. Ward's."

The witness paused, and there was a little stir of interest. M. de Feurget was leaning forward in his seat, with his hand pressed to his side, and with an intense feverish excitement gleaming in his dark eyes. The witness remained sullenly silent, her long, bony fingers restlessly interlacing themselves with the fringe of her shawl. Her manner increased the supposition that she had something still to reveal.

"Did the woman Betsy Urane come in alone?"

"I dunno. I suppose not."

"You could hear any one going upstairs from your room?"

"Yes."

"And you heard footsteps after the woman Urane had entered?"

"Yes."

"The footsteps of one person or of more than one?"

"There was a man and a woman."

"You will swear that you did not see the man?"

"I will."

"Did they enter the room which the woman Urane had engaged?"

"Yes."

"And did you hear either of them leave it?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"The woman."

"When?"

"About five minutes after their arrival. I was going to bed, and I met her on the stairs, coming down."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Where was her companion?"

"She said that she had left him in the room while she went out to buy something."

"Did she return?"

"No."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No."

The proceedings were stayed while the coroner gave some whispered instructions to the constable, who immediately left the room.

"Was her companion found in the room this morning?"

"No."

"Did you hear him leave?"

"No."

"Thank you; that will do, Mrs. Judkin."

Mrs. Judkin gave her shawl a final twitch and left the room with an unmistakable air of relief in her hard, expressionless face. The coroner finished making some notes, and then, laying down his pen, turned to the jury.

"I have sent for the woman Betsy Urane," he said. "I think you will all agree with me that she is likely to prove an important witness."

There was a murmur of assent which had scarcely subsided when P. C. 198 entered the room and made his way over to the coroner's chair.

"I have discovered the woman, sir," he announced, in a self-satisfied tone. "She is outside."

The coroner nodded approvingly.

"Very good," he said. "Send her in at once."

"Betsy Urane" was called and Betsy Urane appeared. She was a tall, stout woman, with a pile of yellow hair untidily arranged, coarse, unpleasant features, and a bold, defiant expression. She was dressed in some cast-off finery, evidently purchased at a second-hand shop, and altogether her appearance could only be described as repulsive. The coroner drew a fresh supply of paper toward him and commenced his examination at once.

"Your name is Betsy Urane?"

"Yes, it is."

"You were at 19 Bloome's Place, on last Tuesday night, with a man?"

"Well, and if I was?"

"Will you tell us who your companion was?"

"I would if I knowed, but I don't."

"How long had you known him before taking him there?"

"About an hour."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In the Crown and Thistle bar."

"You had never seen him before, then?"

"Never."

"Did he speak to you first, or you to him?"

The witness hesitated. The coroner was used to all types of witnesses, and made up his mind quickly how to treat this one.

"Betsy Urane," he said, sharply, "I don't know whether you have ever been a witness at an inquest before. In case you haven't, I feel it my duty to urge upon you the necessity and wisdom of speaking the truth, and of telling everything you know concerning the matter you are asked about. You are on your oath, you must remember, and you are liable to be prosecuted for perjury if you make a single false statement or attempt to evade the truth in any way. We are here to sift this matter to the bottom, and we know a good deal already," he added, significantly.

The witness was cowed, but put a bold front on it.

"There's no need for all that palavering," she said, sullenly. "I should have told you all I knowed wi'out. It was like this 'ere. I was a-sitting in the Crown and Thistle, having a glass along wi' a lady friend o' mine, when a stranger chap came in, and I heard 'im ask at the bar whether they knowed where a Mrs. Judkin lived. Well, Mrs. Judkin and me being particular friends, I jumps up, and goes to 'im. 'I know where Mrs. Judkin lives,' I sez. 'I has a room there myself often.' So he turns round and looks at me and then draws me on one side.

"'Do you know a Mrs. Ward who lives in 'er 'ouse?' he asks. 'Can't say as I've ever spoken to 'er,' I sez, 'but I knows her by sight. 'Er room's next the one I generally 'as there.' Then he asks me some more questions about her, whether she wur very poor, whether she went out and such like, and I told him as much as I knew, and, natural like, asked him to stand summut. He paid for drinks, and then he went a little way off, and stood by 'imself as though he wur thinking something over. Just before closing time he cum back to me. 'Did you say that your room at Mrs. Judkin's was next to Mrs. Ward's?' he asked. I told 'im as it was, and he sez, quiet like, 'Could you take me into your room for a short time?' 'In coors,' I says, and off we went. Well, when we got there he made me show him her door, and when he got into my room he did nothing but walk up and down and mutter to himself, excited like. Then he comes up to me and sez, 'I want to be alone for a short time. If I gives you a sovereign will you leave me this room for to-night, and find a lodging somewhere else?' 'In coors I will,' I sez, and I just lays 'old of the quid and hoff I goes. I ain't seen 'im since, and I don't know no more about 'im."

"Can you describe him?"

"Well, I can; but I dunno as it 'ud be much good, for he had a false beard and false whiskers, and false 'air on; and I'm pretty sure he wasn't used to such clothes as 'e was wearing, which was rough 'uns. He wur rather stout, wi' a yellow beard and yellow 'air, rather a long thin face, wi' bright eyes, and 's 'eld 'is 'ead as though he wur a gent, and e' walked like one. He wur dressed rough enough, but 'is 'ands wur white and soft. I can't tell yer much more."

"If you could describe his clothes a little, it might help us," said the coroner suggestively.

"Well, he wore a long, dark blue overcoat, patched in a lot o' places, and wi' a hole or two in; a billycock 'at, broke at the top, and a dirty white 'andkerchief tied round 'is throat."

"You are quite sure that you have not seen him in the neighborhood before?"

"I'll take my oath I ain't."

"Very good. That will do, Mrs. Urane."

The witness, who had quite recovered her composure, nodded jauntily and swaggered out of the room. Several other witnesses, including the doctor, were examined without anything fresh coming to light. Then the weapon with which the murder had been committed was produced and handed round.

The interest in the case, which had flagged a little, was revived at once by its appearance. It was of strange, graceful shape, of the finest Damascus steel, and with an elaborately carved handle. One by one the jurymen handled it, and each passed it on with a little murmur of admiration.

"This weapon should certainly furnish a clue," the coroner remarked, handing it back to the emissary of the police. "It must have been stolen from somewhere."

The man nodded, and thought that there was no doubt about that. Then there was a few minutes' consultation, and the verdict was recorded:

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

A couple of hours later printed bills with all the description which had been obtained of the murderer hung on the doors of every police-station in London, with the ominous heading: "Wanted!" and by nightfall detectives with a copy of the bill in their pocket-books were watching every train which arrived at the great ports of the country, and every outward-bound vessel of every sort was placed under a rigid espionage. The whole machinery of Scotland Yard was set in motion to discover the man in the long blue overcoat.

CHAPTER IX.

A DESPERATE WOMAN.

IT WAS midnight, and Lady Harrowdean sat alone in her room, leaning back in a low wicker chair and watching the fitful flames and dull embers of a slowly dying fire. She had dismissed her maid an hour ago, and since then she had been sitting there motionless and silent. At first the dancing firelight had played upon her pale, haggard cheeks and around her black-robed form and had sparkled in her dry, lustreless eyes; but now the flames had burned themselves out, and she sat in the shadow, almost in darkness. It had been a terrible hour for her—it was so still. A task from which she shrank with a nameless horror lay before—inevitable, yet hideous. For long she had sat there battling with herself, striving to crush her scruples, her fears, her overmastering dread—and she had not succeeded.

The great house was silent as the grave. From outside there came occasionally the noise of some passing vehicle, and at regular intervals the stillness of the night was broken by the deep, mellow booming of Westminster clock. But inside there was a tranquil silence. The servants had retired early; Lord Bernard earlier still. Lady Harrowdean alone kept watch of the night.

Midnight had come and passed. The quarters had struck three times, and the first hour of morning was nearly over. Then Lady Harrowdean stirred slightly, and woke from her apathy.

A lamp and a newspaper were on a small round table by her side. She turned the former up, adjusted the shade, and commenced to read. The paper was the Telegraph, the date the day after the inquest at the Rising Sun, and the paragraph which she was reading—the account of that inquest.

She knew it almost by heart, but she read it over again slowly, and stopped at one place. Always that one place! She had read it over before, and had stopped there each time. There seemed to be a sort of fascination for her in that brief disclosure by the coroner. But it was the fascination of terror!

She put the newspaper down and rose slowly to her feet. One o'clock struck while she stood there hesitating, and the sound of the hour seemed to give her courage. She crossed the room and opened an elaborately-carved massive wardrobe. After a few moments' inspection she took out a long loose dressing-gown of some dark material, and, hastily divesting herself of her gown, wrapped it around her. Then she exchanged her high-heeled shoes for soft bedroom slippers, which sank noiselessly into the heavy carpet, and, recrossing the room, took up the lamp.

Something of desperation seemed to have stolen into her white, haggard face, as she made these preparations, but it was desperation mixed with a great, shrinking fear. There was something to be done which seemed to her more awful than any other task which could have been set before her—something which she would have given years of her life to have been able to have left undone. But there was no escape, no second course. It must be done before morning broke.

She knew it, and the knowledge gave her strength. With swift, even footsteps she crossed the floor, holding the lamp over her head, and, softly turning the handle of the door, left the room.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH!

A CARELESS servant had turned the venetian blinds the wrong way, and a struggling moonbeam had forced its way into the stately bedchamber. Across the dark crimson carpet it cast long, trembling bars of light, and shone on the stiff, cold sheets of the canopied bed and on the ghastly face of the man who lay there. But it was a great room, and the poor little moonbeam could do no more than feebly illuminate one very small corner of it. The rest was wrapped in a veil of thick darkness.

Silent as the dead! Silent as death! Common phrases enough, but peculiarly expressive. There was death in this room, death and a deep breathless silence. For it was the face of a corpse round which that moonbeam was playing. Skilful hands had bandaged his throat and had laid out his stiff, lifeless limbs, and Lord

Alceston, Earl of Harrowdean, lay in state, waiting for the morrow, when his body would go to its last resting-place.

Hark! A sound at last, breaking in upon the solemn stillness! A strange sound, too—the low rustling of a woman's skirts along the broad corridor. At last it ceased just outside the door; then was the stealthy turning of a handle, and a tall black form softly entered. The door was closed again. Again there was silence.

She moved toward the bedside, but slowly. Long before her dark form had emerged from the shadows the sound of her quick, anxious breathing betrayed her whereabouts. At last she glided out of the darkness and stood between the window and the bedside, in the focus of the moonlight. The quivering beams played upon a face set and rigid as marble, ghastly and colorless, yet desperate. It was the face of the Countess of Harrowdean.

She was close to the bedside now, close to the mass of odorous, sweet-scented flowers, whose delicate perfume hung heavily about the confined atmosphere—close to that white, rigid form, colorless as the damask sheets—most awesome, most fear-inspiring of all human sights—the corpse from which the last breath has parted, the last spark of life died out. Once those lips, now cold as clay, had burned against hers. Once those eyes, now closed and dim, had looked fondly into hers, now filled with a soft, gentle love-light, now full of passion and fire, and she had loved him! God! how she had loved him!

Three times stooping down, until her breath fell hot upon his face, she stretched out her hand, and three times she withdrew it again. She turned away with a little moan of despair, like the last cry of a hunted animal. It seemed to her that her task was an impossible one. She could not touch him. It was sacrilege, desecration. It stirred into revolt all her emotions; she shrank from it as from some deed of shame, and yet—yet it must be done, and now. To-morrow the opportunity would have gone forever. To-morrow would be too late.

Her hand descended again, and rested upon his arm. Ah! it was there. The hand which she had been holding dropped heavily from her nerveless fingers and fell upon the sheets with a little thud. She staggered back against the wall and leaned there, crouching back against it with her hands clasping her throbbing head and her eyes riveted upon the sheets. Her white lips moved slowly in a half-uttered prayer. Oh for strength, a little strength, just to keep her from going mad!

When she moved again her limbs were stiff and her movements mechanical. Without hesitation she took up again his arm and turned the shirt-sleeve up above the elbow. The long white arm with its blue veins lay exposed to the moonlight, and high up something was glistening and shining in the flood of silvery light. Her fingers closed around it, hiding it from view. For a moment her whole frame shook with excitment, and then a little sob of relief burst from the trembling lips. She withdrew her hand and slipped something into the pocket of her dressing-gown. The long white arm lay there still upon its bed of flowers and perfumed linen. But something had gone—something which had been there when that arm had trembled with the fierce gesticulations of the orator who was compelling the wild tumultuous applause of an excited senate house—something which had been there when the arm which it had encircled had been pressed by royal fingers. Dangers and sickness, triumphs and glory, it had seen, and when the last breath had quitted the body, and his life had gone out like a suddenly-quenched lamp, it had remained. But severance had come at last.

Another sound breaking the hushed silence of the sleeping house! Slight though it was, she heard it, and the blood in her veins ran cold as ice from head to foot. She trembled, and her shaking knees almost gave way beneath her. A footstep in the corridor! A light, firm footstep, drawing nearer. It clutched at the wall for support, shrinking back against it with reeling senses and with dilated eyes fixed upon the door. The handle was softly turned, a tall figure entered. She with the quivering moonlight shining upon her ghostly face convulsed with terror, he barely visible, stepping out from the deep shadows. Mother and son stood face to face.

CHAPTER XI.

GHOSTS.

At first it seemed to her as though she must yield to the deadly faintness which was already clouding her senses. Surely this must be some hideous dream—the flower-strewn bed, cold and ghastly in the moonlight, the uncovered arm, and son's pale questioning face, stern and sad, looming out of the black shadows. Was it a dream, and he a ghost? Alas! no, for his lips were slowly parted, and the death-like stillness was broken by his quick, agitated words:

"Mother! You here! and—— What has happened? What have you been doing?"

"I could not rest. I came—to look at him—once more," she faltered.

He pointed to the disarranged white garments, to the bare arm of the figure on the bed. He asked no questions; he simply pointed, and looked at her. What did it mean?

Nothing which she had imagined to herself had been so awful as this. That she should stand face to face with him, of all people in the world, and have to answer that look of almost fierce inquiry. What should she do? What should she do?

"I will tell you—presently," she gasped. "Ask me nothing now. I am faint. This has upset me."

With trembling fingers she re-covered his arm and smoothed down the draperies on the bed. Then she turned half-fearfully round. He was standing quite still, waiting for her, with a white set look on his face that made her heart sink. He was her son, but he would be a hard inquisitor. What was she to tell him? Anything—anything but the truth!

"I cannot stop—here," she said. "Take me back to my room."

He stretched out his arm, and she leaned heavily upon it. Slowly they moved across the darkened room and gained the door. Outside, in the dimly-lit corridor, she seemed to breathe more freely.

"It was foolish of me to come," she said in a whisper.

He looked down at her.

"You had a purpose?" Ay, a purpose! Had she not a purpose? And he was seeking to know it; he would try to wrest it from her. He—calm, strong and self-reliant, against her—weak, shaken and fearful. How was she to resist him—how to evade his questions? The thought of it made her shudder.

They had reached the door of her room, and she had paused, hoping that he might go. But he only waited until she had passed in and then he followed her, closing the door after him. She sank wearily into her low chair and buried her face in her hands. He drew himself up before her and spoke.

"Mother," he said, "am I asking you a hard, an unreasonable thing, when I ask you to tell me what motive you had in going—there to-night, and what you had been doing? I think not. Why should there be secrets between us? Am I not your son, and was he not my father as well as your husband? I will never rest—never—until I have discovered the secret of his death. I have sworn it! Don't you feel like that, too? You must! Let us help one another in this! Our object is the same!"

He ceased, and waited for an answer. None came. She kept her face hidden from him, buried in her hands; and he thought at first that she was weeping. But when she looked up he saw that the dry, burning eyes were tearless.

"Mother," he went on, speaking more rapidly, "it has been a new idea to me altogether that there should have been any mystery or secret cloud in connection with—him. Yet something of the sort there must have been, and—forgive me—but it seems to me that you must have known—must know—a little of it. What does it all mean? Neilson's flight, your strange manner, your visit to his room alone, and at this hour? If you know anything at all—and you must know a good deal—why not tell me and help me to gain a clue? Surely you cannot wish his murderer to escape? God forbid!"

"It may be better so," she murmured. "Can you doubt but that God will punish?"

"That is what you said before, mother," he answered, "and I tell you again that God's punishment would be too slow for me. I cannot rest while this thing remains undiscovered."

She shook her head.

"Has it never occurred to you that this secret may be one which it were best the world did not know?" she said, softly.

"In telling me you are not telling the world," he answered. "Whatever it was, I am his son and I have a right to know it. I am his avenger, and I will know it."

She looked at him calmly. Sooner or later this must be faced. Better now, perhaps, than at any other time.

"Never from me," she said, in a low firm tone.

He looked at her astonished.

"Do you mean this, mother?" he exclaimed.

"I do."

"You mean that you will tell me nothing? You mean that though what you know might bring his murderer to justice, you will still keep it to yourself?"

"I do, Bernard. If at this moment I see before me your father's murderer I would let him go in peace. I would not touch him. If he were alive, I am sure that he would rather it should be so."

His lips quivered with disappointment, and a little, too, with anger. His mother's words only irritated him. Weak, feminine folly! What else was it? A milk-and-water doctrine of forgiveness that found no favor in this man's heart. His purpose was not shaken a jot.

"Will you tell me what you were doing in his room to-night?" he asked. "At least I ought to know this, as I found you there."

"No. I cannot."

He turned his back upon her and walked to the door. She followed him with her eyes softened now and full of sad, wistful light. He was her son, her only son, and she loved him. Surely he would not leave her thus!

"Bernard," she cried, "you are not going away without even wishing me good-night!"

He paused with his hand on the door-knob.

"I wish you good-night, mother," he said, coldly, without turning round; and he left her.

The tears which had so long been denied to her came at last. She threw herself upon the bed in a passionate fit of weeping, and her whole frame was shaken by tumultuous sobs. When daylight streamed into the room and fell upon her haggard, grief-stained face, she was then still, exhausted, sleeping a troubled sleep.

The early morning sounds in the street below awakened her, and she rose and commenced moving restlessly about the room. Every now and then she stopped and pressed her hands to her burning forehead. Had ever woman to bear up against such misery as hers? she wondered. Surely not! Surely not! To the agony of her great loss was added now an overwhelming hideous dread.

Slowly, but with a ghastly distinctness, the last night's scene in the death-chamber passed before her reeling brain! He had discovered her! He had asked her that question—that one question which she would never dare to answer. He had left her in anger, in anger none the less terrible because it was so cold, so self-contained. He suspected her, perhaps—of what, she dared not think. Was it not for his sake as well as hers that she was fighting this battle? And she could not show him why! She could not show him why it were better—a thousand times better—to let his father's murder go unavenged—to let the whole terrible tragedy sink into the still waters of oblivion! She had lost her husband, and now she was to lose her son! What had she done, or left undone—wherein had she sinned, that Fate should deal with her so cruelly?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORAL—DON'T QUARREL.—A very amusing incident occurred at some professional pedestrian sports which were held near London a short time ago. One of the events on the programme was a one-mile walking race, for which there were only three competitors.

On the pistol being fired it could easily be seen that one of the walkers was completely outclassed, and by the time the two leaders had traversed three-quarters of the distance the rearmost man was quite a hundred yards to the bad.

Just at this point the race between the two front men was very exciting, they racing along neck and neck, when, unfortunately, one of them wilfully jostled against the other, and put him out of his stride; he in turn pushed the other, and then a fight ensued between them on the track.

Meanwhile, the rearmost man was making up lost ground rapidly, and soon passed the other two, who were still punching each other vigorously. Seeing the position of affairs the two, with deep curses against each other, postponed their quarrel till a more convenient occasion, and started rapidly in pursuit of the leader, who was now about twenty yards ahead. At first they gained rapidly, but evidently their struggle had taken a lot out of them, for the leader kept in front to the tape, winning easily amidst the cheers and laughter of the amused spectators.

Bric-a-Brac.

FALSE EYES.—So far as known the first suggestion for the use of artificial eyes was by Ambroise Pare, a Parisian, in 1561. His invention consisted of a thin curved plate of gold, painted and enamelled to match the sound eye, kept in place by a thin wire passing behind the ear.

TO COVENTRY.—The phrase, "sending a man to Coventry," which does not seem to be very widely understood, dates from the days of the Civil Wars. When any straggling Royalists were found on the Warwickshire battlefields, it was the custom to send them to Coventry for incarceration. Hence the origin of the term, which passed into a byword.

CINDERELLA.—The English tale of Cinderella is found in the Serbian tale of Papalluga, in the German tale of Aschenputtel and in the fable of La Fontaine about the milkmaid and her pail. The legend of Beauty and the Beast is also found in the myths of the Hindoo, Greek and Norseman. All of these tales had a common origin in Central Asia.

WHEN WIGS WERE INTRODUCED.—Wigs were probably invented about the time of the first Roman emperor, for we are told that Otho had a scalp of fine leather with locks of hair upon it so well arranged as to seem natural. When wigs were introduced into England the clergy inveighed against them as being indecent and unnatural, and even cut their own hair shorter to express their abhorrence of the fashion.

IN JAPAN.—Ten acres of land is considered a large farm in Japan, and the majority of farms are much smaller. The system of cultivation is such, however, that the land is made to produce to its fullest capacity, and a small area supports an average family. The possibilities of the production of one acre cannot be estimated, as abundant labor and high cultivation in the future may exceed anything that has yet been accomplished.

MOUSE AND ELEPHANT.—Just let a mouse appear in an elephant's stall, and the elephant, his mountain of flesh quivering, his trunk lashing the air, will trumpet in abject terror, and he will not recover for hours afterward. The trainers say that what the elephant fears is that the mouse will run in his trunk. Several years ago, in London, a mouse really did this while the elephant was sleeping, and caused the elephant such intense pain that he had to be killed.

SAVED BY HIS UMBRELLA.—A schoolhouse with four hundred children in it caught fire at South Evanston, near Chicago, recently. Most of the pupils marched out in good order through dense smoke, with their eyes shut, holding one another's hands as their teachers told them. But many were panic-stricken, and one little girl was hurt, but not fatally. One small boy, however, rose superior to danger and to fear. In his second reader was a picture of a man dropping from a balloon with a parachute, and he had read of Darius Green and his flying machine. When he decided to use the window he secured the umbrella which he had brought to school, and opening it, took a leap. He landed safely.

CRABS THAT DRESS THEMSELVES.—It is not generally known that there are some crabs that actually dress themselves. Some species array themselves elaborately by gathering bits of seaweeds, chewing the ends, and sticking them on the shell, so that they look like stones covered with weed. They spend hours, with the utmost perseverance, in making these pieces adhere, by trying the same piece over and over again till they succeed. These crabs have a fine sense of symmetry, too, and always put a red piece on one limb to match the red piece on the other, and a green piece to match a green piece, though how they know red from green in the dark pools where they live is hard to say, unless it is by taste or smell. When once their dress is completed, it improves the older it becomes, as the weed actually grows on them.

BRAVERY OF A ST. BERNARD.—A fire broke out one night not long since in a house in Macon in Georgia. Amongst the inmates was a fine St. Bernard dog, a great favorite of the children, and especially fond of the baby. The dog may be said to have saved the whole of the family, for as soon as it saw the flames it awakened the folk by barking loud and long. Having aroused the family, it then ran out to the barn, and drove all the cows to a safe distance. Returning to the house, it went to the nursery, and began tugging away at the baby's cradle, the poor animal being too blinded by the smoke to see that the infant had already been removed. Attempts were made to get it out of the room, but it remained by the cradle, whining piteously the while. At last the fire forced everybody back, and the noble creature perished in the flames, trying, as it thought, to rescue its baby friend.

MUTUAL FRIEND: "It really is shocking, dear, the way in which you and your husband quarrel and carry on. I wonder you don't separate from him." Injured wife: "What! go away and leave him alone to do just as he likes! Not me!"

IF I SHOULD LOSE YOU.

BY P. L. S.

If I should lose you, sweetheart,
And alone be doomed to tread
The bleak and gloomy highway,
With its flowers drooped and dead—
I would feel one sweet emotion,
That would quicken love anew,
It would be that God's own blessing
Made me happy, once, with you!

If I should lose you, sweetheart,
And the touch of tender lips
Be denied me in the future
As the weary waiting slips—
I would kiss the rose you gave me,
Gave me, crowned with sparkling dew,
And its fragrance would forever,
Bring sweet thoughts to me of you!

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV—(CONTINUED.)

CYNTHIA laughed in a disagreeable fashion, the thin veneer of her courtesy vanishing.

"Oh, I forgot!" she said coolly and half contemptuously. "You have always cultivated a reputation for being something better than the rest of the world; you do not condescend to share the feelings of ordinary humanity—in short, you do not grudge me a farthing of wealth which, but for the mere accident of my marriage with your father, would at this moment belong to you and not to me!"

Jane was now very pale, and her eyes gleamed scornfully at Lady Ludlowe.

"I grudge you nothing you possess—absolutely nothing," she replied gently.

Cynthia laughed again.

"That is just a little curious," she said half musingly, as though she addressed herself and not another.

Jane remained silent. It would have been impossible for her to gauge the depths of her contempt for Cynthia at this moment; she resolved hurriedly to end a discussion which could only be undignified and unseemly leave the house without delay. Cynthia's voice broke the silence again before Jane could put this resolve into action.

"Yes—that is very curious," said Lady Ludlowe, in the same odd thoughtful way; "for, do you know, I believe I hold in my possession something which in not only most valuable to you, but which, I think, I may safely describe as being more precious to you than your life itself."

Jane's heart beat more hurriedly; she drew a deep breath, and a sense of fear of approaching pain oppressed her.

"You speak in riddles," she rejoined, still outwardly calm and cold. "I prefer to have plain straightforward words, if you please, Lady Ludlowe. You tell me you have something to say to me; from your manner, I gather it is something disagreeable. I am not a coward; however disagreeable your communication may be, I would rather hear it without any further delay, if you have no objection."

"By all means; I like plain speaking myself!" Cynthia retorted, with a laugh. "The treasure I am alluding to, the possession I claim to hold, which I declare to be so very dear to you, is not a material matter; it has no connection with jewels or money or landed property. It is only a man's heart. Are my words quite plain now? Do you grasp my meaning? Is it necessary to go any further in my explanation?"

Jane looked at her steadily; she never winced or moved—even her eyes remained and untouched by the horrible insinuation contained in this last speech.

"I fear, Lady Ludlowe," she said, with a little deliberation now in her proud cold tone, "I must still ask you for further explanation. Perhaps I am very stupid, but I confess I fail to quite catch your meaning."

Cynthia's face burned with fierce anger, and she lost her self-control.

"Oh, I will give you my full meaning, pray believe me, and then you may perhaps own yourself something more than stupid when you have learnt all and stand face to face with the story of your humiliation!"

The vehemence of her excitement had brought a hot patch of color on either cheek, yet her lips were ashy pale, and her voice was strained and not very distinct when she went on.

"Has it ever entered into your head to imagine why you are what you are to-day? Have you ever paused to examine your position, to try to understand why Lord Hampshire should have committed so rash, so extraordinary an act as to make you his wife? Has the question never dawned in your thoughts what possible reason your husband could have had for marrying you, and especially for marrying you in the way he did?"

The words, the voice, the manner, all were so rough, so cruel and insolent that Jane shivered as though she had been struck a severe blow. She was bewildered for a moment, and stood looking at the angry suddenly-vulgarized woman before her in a dull unseeing way. But the veil of this oblivion was soon lifted from her. The insult those words were meant to convey came to her with almost hideous clearness. Without a sound, without a look, she turned away and moved towards the door.

Cynthia caught her breath swiftly.

"You do not go till you have heard all! I have not not finished yet!" she said passionately, and swiftly put herself between the door and Jane.

As the girl recoiled from her, with the fear of one who draws back from some repulsive horrible thing, the hot blood of Lady Ludlowe's anger, her hate, her jealousy reached its highest point; the bitterness the past months had garnered and treasured in her heart broke its bonds at last. In a feverished breathless fashion the story was poured from her lips; her words were merciless, ill-chosen, almost coarse. Blinded by her hate and her vanity, she painted her picture in the vivid colors her angry heart provided for her so freely. She spared nothing that could complete her victory.

"He could not forgive me—he loved me so much better than his life! But my cruelty changed him; he was determined to punish me, he was determined I should suffer; so he went to you—he was mad with jealousy and anger or he never would have done this thing—yes, he went to you! He found out that I hated you—it made the punishment all the heavier, you see. He determined to get his full revenge by making you his wife. He had an easy task, it seems!"—with a bitter sneering laugh. "You were so quickly deceived; you believed his protestations immediately. It was all done very cleverly and very quietly; my aunt made a splendid confederate, and I was kept in ignorance. Oh, yes, it was all very clever and very honorable, and no doubt at the time he congratulated himself heartily; but now—now where are his congratulations? The farce is played out and the tragedy is begun, for, though I am punished, I am also free, and he has you!"

Cynthia broke off abruptly. The force of her rage was dying down; she was trembling in every limb; the feverish color had gone out of her cheeks; she was exhausted by the violence of her self-abandonment. Her face suddenly assumed a tired haggard look, and into her heart there came stealing gradually but surely a revulsion of feeling, a sullen sense of self-humiliation, of degradation and failure. She had struck out wildly, coarsely, cruelly, yet the triumph she had desired, the satisfaction she had promised herself was so feeble after all; her victory was pitiful in its miserable meanness.

With a nervous gesture, she turned away and went back to her old place by the fire. Once again silence reigned between them—a heavy painful silence. Lady Ludlowe stood with her eyes fixed upon the blazing coals; the sense of shame grew deeper and stronger as each moment sped by. She had not turned her eyes to look at Jane; yet the dancing firelight seemed to shape itself into a picture of the girl's blanched face and to reflect the incredulous agony that she knew must dwell in the beautiful dark eyes.

She waited, dreading, yet in a curious fashion almost hoping, that Jane would speak; and, when at last there was the sound of draperies passing over the floor—when, as in a dream, she felt rather than saw that slender black-robed figure pass out into the cold March air beyond—then the fulness of her humiliation, the true meaning of her cruel and contemptible conduct, the realization of the lasting shame she had dealt out to herself in her eager desire to give suffering to another came home to Cynthia Ludlowe, and remained with her to her life's end.

* * * * * *

Lady Hampshire's maid stood in the entrance of the little railway-station waiting and watching eagerly for the first glimpse of her young mistress. It wanted only a few minutes now to the time appointed for the arrival of the train that was to convey them back to Wyefeild, and Lady Hampshire was not in sight. It was unlike her mistress to be unpunctual, and Dyson began to fear that something was wrong.

Lord Hampshire had spoken a few earnest words to his wife's attendant just before they started on their journey, and had impressed upon her the necessity of looking after her mistress most carefully. His voice and manner rather than his words had conveyed to Dyson the anxiety he felt as to the effects of this visit to Carno churchyard. Indeed the maid herself, who had had much opportunity for studying and understanding the nature of the beautiful girl she served, had honestly regreted that her ladyship should have undertaken so sad a duty. She was a middle aged, trustworthy, and pleasant-looking woman, whom Hampshire had engaged by Lady Montrose's advice to accompany his wife when they went abroad.

"Take her away from every one and everything that will remind her of this place," Lady Montrose had urged. "Get a comfortable motherly sort of maid to look after her. I know the very creature, if only she happens to be free. She is a perfect treasure! I wish I could afford to have her."

Catherine Dyson did happen to be free; and certainly her character had not been overrated. Jane had the greatest confidence in her maid, and a mutual liking had quickly sprung up between them.

Just as their anxiety was beginning to grow really keen, Dyson gave a quick sigh of relief. She saw her mistress advancing along the road, and went forward hurriedly to meet her.

"I hope you are not very tired, my lady? I was beginning to feel a little anxious."

She looked casually at Lady Hampshire's face as she spoke; but Jane had drawn her veil down from her hat, and her features were shrouded by its thickness.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting or to have made you anxious," Jane answered gently.

The sound of the fresh young voice was so changed that Dyson hardly recognized it.

"The train is just due, my lady; it goes from this side. Will you take my arm? And had you not better let me put this fur over your shoulders? It is quite chilly now, and I am afraid you will be cold before we arrive at Massingtown."

Jane put aside the fur.

"I am not cold," she said, as she walked on towards the platform. Then she suddenly looked round and added, "But your jacket is not very thick, Dyson, and you have been waiting here so long; put it on yourself." Even in this moment of her agony she was as unselfish as usual.

The maid's eyes were dimmed by a mist of tears.

"Oh, my lady!" she said, deprecating the very idea of obeying this command. "You are always so kind!" she added hurriedly, in a tone of sincere gratitude.

Not since the first days when she had attended Jane had she seen her mistress so utterly weary or so feeble. There was something very painful to Dyson in the way in which Lady Hampshire sat crouched in a corner of the railway-carriage. She was not a highly imaginative woman, yet she could not help feeling that there was a subtle change in the girl. She tried once or twice to induce Jane to swallow a little of the wine she had brought; but she was not successful, and could do nothing but sit and watch in silence, and be ready to give any assistance if it were needed.

At a junction they had to change trains. There were a number of people on this platform, and Dyson stood like a sentinel close to her mistress. Once, as two gentlemen came sauntering past them, the maid gave a quick exclamation, and Jane suddenly shrank back as though she were frightened by what she saw.

"Dear me, my lady—I do beg your pardon! It was very silly of me, but I made a mistake. I quite thought for the moment that that gentleman was his lordship."

Jane made no answer, but a great trembling seized her as she stood there; a great dread was added to the pain in her weary aching heart.

"Oh, what shall I do? I cannot see him yet—I cannot, I cannot! He will meet me with a smile; he will look so true; he will take me in his arms. Oh, it is too much—too bitter! The degradation of it will kill me! Oh, Heaven, why is life so horrible, so cruel?"

She shivered so sharply that Dyson was alarmed.

"She will be ill to-morrow. I was afraid it would be too much for her, though I did not think it would be as bad as this. I wish we were home! I shan't feel comfortable till I have seen her safely tucked up in bed. And I shall make so bold as to tell his lordship I don't think he ought to permit any more of these visits—at least just yet a while.

Massingtown was reached at last, and Dyson heaved a great sigh of relief as she saw the neat brougham with the Hampshire liveries waiting outside the station. She only wished that she could have seen her master's handsome face there too; but she knew this must not be expected, for the Earl had arranged to have a long day with the hounds, and would not be back at Wyefeild much before they would arrive themselves. Dyson heaved another sigh as she hurriedly led the way to the brougham.

"We shall be home directly now," she said to herself; and her dismay can therefore be imagined when she heard her mistress direct the footman to stop at the Rectory before driving on to the Hall. Dyson was more than perturbed; she even ventured to make a respectful remonstrance as the horses were pulled up at Mrs. Winter's gate and Jane alighted from the brougham. The girl's manner, not her words, rebuked this remonstrance. Dyson had never heard Lady Hampshire's voice sound so cold, so distant as it did at this moment.

"I will send out a note, which you must give to his lordship at once. I shall explain to him why I am not returning direct. The carriage must come back for me immediately," said Jane.

Dyson sat silent, but still greatly disturbed and anxious as her young mistress disappeared up the garden. It was not that there was anything really strange in this action, for the brougham rarely passed the Rectory without stopping at the gate, and the affectionate friendship and intimacy that existed between the young Countess and her former governess were well known. Nor was there anything unusual in the fact of Jane's sending a note to her husband—it was a frequent custom with them; Dyson herself had been the bearer of many a written message from one to the other. It would indeed have seemed far more odd to the maid if Jane had broken her homeward journey in this way without sending a personal explanation to her husband. Dyson anxiety was simply on the girl's own account. She was assured that some great excitement and trouble was disturbing her mistress. Jane's appearance was in itself a warning of coming reaction and possible illness, and Dyson was only disappointed that her mistress should elect to go through more fatigue now, instead of adopting the wiser course of seeking rest and quiet.

The footman came striding down the path with the note, and the gate clanging after him roused Dyson from her thoughts.

"Here—catch on!" said the man, throwing the envelope in through the window; and then, before Dyson could find time to rebuke him for his impertinent manner, he had climbed up to his seat on the box, and the carriage was rolling through the darkness towards Weyfeild.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. WINTER'S cosy little drawing-room was empty when Jane entered it. The fire was burning briskly on the hearth, and the old dog—Lord John's sworn enemy—rose with a whine of delight to greet her. The maid, as she brought a lamp and drew the curtains, explained to Lady Hampshire that her mistress might be home at any moment, and added the information that the Rector had gone away for a few days.

Jane scarcely heard what the woman said: she scarcely knew how she came to be standing now in the warmth and prettiness of this little room which she had grown to love so well. She had no smile to-night for the maid, no answering greeting for the old dog. Directly she was alone, she flung off her long cloak and took the veil from her drawn white face. She shivered again and again, but not from cold. The pain from the wound inflicted upon her so wantonly grew more defined, more terrible each moment. At first, as she had walked away hurriedly from her old home, passing down the well-remembered drive as in a dream, the pain had not been so great. A suddenly-developed fear and loathing of everything about her had taken possession of her sensitive nature. It was the wound to her pride that had burned and ached then; now the pain was at her heart. It was at that moment at the Junction, when a chance resemblance in a passing man had brought her husband so clearly before her,

that she first felt the greater and the worse pain. Remembrance came swiftly; Cynthia's cruel words were repeated a hundred times in her ears, then danced before her eyes in letters of fire; they made her heart turn faint and cold with suffering.

As she absolutely realized what had happened and what lay before her, Jane's strength, courage, and pride went from her altogether. Her indignation and resentment were consumed in the torture that this realization brought; she had no anger now, she had nothing but sorrow—the sorrow of one who stands by the graveside of a love greater than life and bids to it a long and everlasting farewell. It was the destruction of her faith in the man she had married which was to Jane the greatest pain of all. Standing alone in this little room, she recalled suddenly and vividly how in those by-gone days, when the thread of their two lives had not even touched or given promise of becoming so closely overwoven, her girlish heart had grieved for the harsh words his cynicism and worldliness had provoked from Mrs. Winter's lips, and how, on that beautiful summer day when they had sat together beneath the whispering trees at Carno and the first sweet chord of sympathy had been struck, she had tasted such delicious pleasure in realizing that the hopes and beliefs which her young mind had strung together about him were so surely true.

The faint grief of that by-gone time, mingling with the rush of happiness that had come when he had set himself once more in the niche her girlish hopes had made for him, returned now to swell the flood of sorrowful regret, of incredulous anguish that Cynthia's story had produced. Jane had never before in all her troubles, in the very worst of the old pain, lost her strength and her courage, never faltered or been afraid; but she was afraid now—afraid to meet him—the man whom only this very day she had felt was greater, dearer, more precious to her than anything that life could hold for her. She did not know it herself, poor child, but it was the eager loyalty of her love and faith in him that wrought this fear. She shrank from seeing him hesitate; she felt she could not live and read his confession and his self-condemnation in his eyes. Yet she had no intention of doing anything wild, foolish, or hyper-sentimental. Plans of living apart from him, of breaking their lives asunder never dawned in Jane's mind. She was not sure of what the future would be, except that it would never be again what these past few months had been. She did not try to sketch out for herself the effect that would follow when the truth was spoken between them and the story of the past was brought into their present; her one thought, her one yearning desire at this moment was to spare them both as much as was possible—to spare him further deceit of word and action, to spare herself the agony, the humiliation of receiving the outward protestations of a love which did not belong to her.

Those last few reckless words that Cynthia had uttered came to Jane now with terrible significance—

"The farce is ended and the tragedy is begun, for, though I am punished, I am also free, and he—has you?"

To Jane the whole miserable truth, the completeness of the sorry story, was contained in those words. A tragedy had indeed begun—a tragedy of a woman's broken heart and a man's stained honor.

These thoughts and a thousand other complex emotions coursed through Jane's mind as she stood alone in her old governess' favorite room. She started as the clock chimed half-past seven. Mrs. Winter might come at any moment. Jane felt she could endure no questioning even from this most cherished friend till she had done that which her heart and her sense of honor dictated to her as the right thing to do. Her husband was so infinitely dear to her that even in this moment his honor was her first consideration.

"If—if he has done wrong all this time," she said to herself, "then I must let him know at once that there is no further need for this wrong, for deceit, for—for pretence. I must not, I cannot, I will not meet him until I have told him that I know all; it is due to him, it is due to myself—it is the right thing to do!"

She sat down by the table spread with materials for writing. Her hand shook so much at first that she could scarcely hold a pen. She was not only most unhappy—she was faint and ill. The day in any circumstances would have tried her strength, especially as she had not tasted food since the early morning; but such a day as this had been was fraught with far more serious possibilities than Dyson's practical mind could foresee.

Her letter was not very long, but it was very gentle.

"My dear Husband," she wrote—and, as she traced the word, tears rose in her eyes like a blinding mist and made her pause and draw a deep suffocating breath before she could proceed—"I am sending you these few words by Dyson so that you may understand the reason why I have not returned to Wyefeild. I am not ill, but something has happened that makes it impossible for us to meet immediately, at least without an explanation. That something is a communication which I received to-day from Lady Ludlowe. Perhaps"—the pen trembled in the girl's hand as she wrote this sentence—"it is not necessary for me to tell you what that communication was. It was a very sad story for me to hear- one that I shall never forget as long as I may live. I have made all allowances for the fact that it was told to me by one who has always disliked me, and whose motive in speaking so plainly to-day was no doubt to give me pain and unhappiness. Yet there is so much that I feel is true in what I heard that I cannot dismiss it, much as I desire to do so; and I cannot permit you to live any longer in the thought that I am still ignorant of what is past and done. I am so bewildered, so shocked, so saddened by the knowledge that has been given me today that I must ask you to forgive me if I am changed or if my conduct should seem cold or harsh to you. You must remember how I have been deceived; you must give me time to grow accustomed to the fact. After all, perhaps I am as much to blame as you for the sad mistake of our marriage. Looking back, with my thoughts grown older than they were then, I can see that, had I been less ignorant, had my nature been different, we should not stand as we do to-night. I wish now from my heart of heart that this had been! I scarcely know what to think, what to do, as yet; but you must never doubt me. All that is my duty, all that touches your honor and mine I will try to fulfil; only you will understand I could not meet you or be with you as I have been these past months, when the shadow of the horrible truth stands like a dead thing between us, when, though you may be tenfold more kind and good and tender than you have already been, the remembrance of my true position will be ever present in my mind, a lasting blight upon your honor and my happiness. I would prefer that we had no discussion to-night. I am not quite equal to it. I shall return to Wyefeild immediately, but I could not allow myself to enter the house until you had received this letter and were acquainted with what has happened to-day."

She had written so far without a pause; she had not tried to put her thoughts into grand phrases; she wrote simply and from her heart. She signed her initials at the end, and was folding up the paper, when a sudden yearning, a deeper touch of anguish made her pause. With a hand that trembled with emotion she took up her pen again, and wrote—

"Oh, why were you so untrue to yourself? Why did you do this wrong to us both? I think I would rather know you were dead to-night than have to realize that you could stoop to such dishonor!"

The tears were blinding her eyes again as she put the paper into an envelope and addressed it. When the maid came to answer the bell, Lady Hampshire was resting back in a low easy-chair by the fire. One hand was half-supporting her brow, and her expression was hidden, but the sound of her voice was faint and weary as she desired that her letter should be given at once to the footman.

Mrs. Winter reached the house only a few moments after the carriage had been driven away, and she was surprised, yet delighted, to receive the news that her dear child was waiting to see her.

"Her ladyship is in the drawing-room. I told her you would be home to dinner, ma'am, and she said she would wait and see you. I don't think her ladyship seems very well; she spoke quite faint-like," the maid added.

Mrs. Winter hastened to the drawing-room. Her dog had heard her arrival and was already wriggling with delight and uttering sharp shrill yaps of welcome; but Jane sat back in the chair quietly; she made no attempt to rouse herself as her friend entered the room.

"My love—my dear, dear child—this is good of you!" cried Mrs. Winter; and, silencing the dog, she went across the room.

Her intuition rather than her eyes instantly warned her that there was something wrong, that the maid's words had not been without foundation. She hurried forward, repeating the girl's name a little more sharply, and then she became alarmed as she reached the silent figure in the chair and stood gazing down upon the white drawn face, so changed, so utterly unlike her pretty Jane.

She did not call to the maid, but with trembling hands she ministered to the young wife who was so dear to her and whose white frailness brought a sudden chill to her heart. She knew it was not an ordinary fainting-fit, she had seen this deathlike exhaustion overcome the girl before, and knew that, though Jane's lips were dumb and still and her dark eyes had a blank expression, consciousness had not fled from her. She knelt beside the chair and drew the slender form into her arms while she moistened the pale lips and brows with eau-de-Cologne and chafed the small cold hands. In a very few moments, as she had expected, Jane moved and spoke.

"Summer," she said, in a faint weak voice—"it is my Summer, isn't it?"

"My love," exclaimed Mrs. Winter, pressing her lips to the girl's forehead—"my dear love, you must keep perfectly quiet! What have you been doing to yourself, Jane, to get into this condition? You ought to be in your bed. Why are you here? You are not fit to be out at all!"

Mrs. Winter was vaguely distressed and, for the moment, bewildered; Jane in this guise was a great shock to her. She had been so grateful, so content of late in seeing her child grow daily more beautiful, with the sunshine of love and happiness lighting up her face, that this change surprised her and made her apprehensive.

"I am going home directly, but I wanted to come in and rest here for a few moments first. Don't scold me, Summer; I will promise to be good in the future!" Jane paused, and then very quietly and with a great sadness overcoming that faint attempt at playfulness, she added, "I have been to Carno—I have been to my daddy's grave."

Mrs. Winter needed no further explanation now; and Jane, though she felt a pang at the thought of holding anything back from her oldest friend, was relieved at being able to satisfy her so easily. As she sat with her head resting on that tender motherly breast, she felt that she must keep her trouble away from all eyes. She could not endure to hear the reproaches that would be cast at her husband if all were told. She was too weak, too tired and unhappy to try to picture what their future would be; but her pride and her love roused within her the will to keep her wrong a secret from the world, to stand as a shield between him and the condemnation which she know must be his if the story of his old love and that most unworthy revenge were openly revealed.

Mrs. Winter stole away softly, after a few moments, to go and fetch some tonic which she insisted upon administering; and Jane lay back in the chair, too weak to make any resistance, though she knew that neither wine nor any other stimulant would aid or strengthen her. She wondered, with a sudden quiver, if her husband would suffer much when he knew what had happened; she wondered what he would say, what he would do, what he would think. It was so hard for her to conjure up any thought of him that was not gentle, tender, and sympathetic. Her heart beat faster as she saw his face before her mind's eye.

How was it possible to reconcile that face with the heart that had been revealed to her to-day by Cynthia Ludlowe's cruel reckless hand, the days, the weeks, the months that had gone by seeming to bring only newer, stronger, sweeter evidence of his love and devotion? Was it possible that all these hours and days of untiring thought, of tenderness passing all description, were but so many frames for the setting of such deceit?

Jane felt that her brain would be unable to endure such a strain for long.

"If there might come some peace, some rest only for a moment!" she thought, feeling like some poor wretched animal shut in a cage of perpetual torture. "If everything would not hurt so much! I want to think quietly; I want to be just, to do what is right—always to do what is right, no matter how hard, how bitter!"

Mrs. Winter came back with the wine. Too gentle and thoughtful to hurt her friend by a refusal, Jane drank it down obediently. There was a long silence between them. The girl lay back in the chair, with closed eyes. The stimulant calmed her and gave her the peace she had longed for; thought was not so acute, not so clear; there was intense languor, yet not so much weariness, and she drifted into a vague dream.

Mrs. Winter sat beside her, watching her anxiously. She had been satisfied in the first moment when she learnt what the girl's errand had been; but her satisfaction was not of long duration. She was beset with all sorts of inward questionings. She knew Jane so well; every phase of the young mind, every emotion almost every thought was clearly translated by her as a rule; but to-night she was mystified, and she hardly knew why, for the change was too subtle, too strange to be thoroughly realized by her. She was eager to attribute it to the effect of the visits to the dead, and yet she was doubtful. It seemed as if another and a keener sorrow lay at the root of this present mental suffering and exhaustion. She had absolutely no clue to guide her in solving this difficulty, and never once occurred to her to associate Jane's husband with it. She had become not only most sincerely attached to Lord Hampshire, but, in common with her son, was quick to realize and value the nature of the young man, who desired and determined to use his high position not for his own self-gratification or glorification, but with a strict remembrance and regard for those duties and responsibilities which constituted the greater portion of his daily life. If Mrs. Winter had been able to choose from the whole world, she would have found none better or more suited, in her opinion, to become the husband of her dearly-loved Jane; and this was the highest measure of praise she could give to any man.

The moments slipped by, and Jane, opening her eyes, began to talk again and even to smile, though only in a wan faint way. Mrs. Winter's nervous apprehension and fears became gradually softened, till they had all culminated once again in the decision that the visit to that grave in Carno churchyard, and the pain and grief brought by the re-awakening of the sorrowful past, were the only cause of Jane's white face and altered manner.

"I have a very good mind to keep you here to-night," she said, as she sat tenderly caressing the girl's small hand. "You should have your old room. Do you remember, Jane, you used to say you slept so well in that little bed? Ah, we were a very long way from imagining in those days what a grand person our little Jane was going to be in the future!"

"We were happy in the old, old days, Summer, just you and daddy and the dogs and I. It seems funny to look back on them and to realize how very happy we were. It seems so long, ago, too! Sometimes it seems almost as if those old days never existed, as if they were all one sweet happy dream."

"They were pleasant indeed," said Mrs. Winter, with a sigh. There was such an infinity of sadness in the girl's voice that it brought the tears to her eyes. "But, my love," she went on, determined to be cheerful, "the past, however sweet, cannot be better than your present or your future, for, if you were happy then in one way, are you not doubly happy now, Jane? Are you not rich in possessing——"

"I hear the carriage," she broke in very hurriedly.

"My dear, will you not stay with me to-night? Indeed, Jane, you do not look fit to take that long drive. I will send and ask Lord Hampshire to come. I am sure he would think it only wise to spare you more fatigue."

But Jane was hurriedly putting on her coat and hat, settling them with weak fingers that trembled so much as to be almost useless.

"I would rather go, Summer dear, I would rather go," she said, thinking that she had better go while she had strength. It had to be done, it had to be faced; the longer she paused the worse it would be.

The clanging of the gate outside, the sound of a firm footstep on the path, made her heart almost stop beating. She was ready now, her white face shrouded once more in her thick veil.

She breathed again, and yet she was conscious of a dull pain when the maid came in and announced that the footman was at the door.

Mrs. Winter went out with the girl, her heart filled with anxious solicitude.

"I shall not rest till I know how you are, Jane," she said, as she held her in a last embrace; "I shall drive up early to-morrow and see for myself that you are better. Go to bed immediately! But there"—with a tender laugh—"I am always forgetting you have some one better than your old Summer to look after you now. I shall remember that, and find a consolation for my anxiety in it. Good night, loved child, and God bless you always!"

Jane made no answer in words, but she clung silently to her faithful friend a moment longer, then she entered the brougham.

As the footman wrapped a rug about her and closed the door, Jane spoke to him hurriedly, her voice barely more than a whisper.

"His lordship was returned when you arrived? You gave him my note?"

The footman answered respectfully in the affirmative; and, as Jane sank back in the carriage, it turned once again in the direction of Wyefeild, and bore her swiftly towards home which only a few short hours before had been to her the realization of the word "happiness," but which a woman's cruel tongue and malicious jealousy had stripped suddenly of all its beauties and made a cold and barren place, from which her young heart shrank in dread and sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S VOICES.

BY JAMES BRUTON.

I love to quit the city's hum,
  Its turmoil, toil, and riot,
And to my native village come,
  To share its scenes of quiet;
Along the daisied green to stray,
  Whilst high the lark rejoices;
And hear, amid their frolic play,
  Dear little children's voices.

Alas, that childhood can't endure
  Throughout life's little season;
Since childhood's ways are good and pure,
  And sorrow comes with reason,
For how these sounds my soul pervade,
  How every pulse rejoices!
Of such is Heaven's music made,
  Dear little children's voices.

A SIN ATONED.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, if you won't come out, auntie, I shall go down to the shore with Dido," said a fresh young voice.

"I must finish this letter to Robert, dear," "auntie" answered. "The mail goes to-morrow; and he will be so dreadfully disappointed if there is no letter. For, you know, I did not write last week."

"Robert, poor darling, shall not be disappointed!" the girl laughed. "Give him my love; and tell him that most probably my new photographs will be done by next week; and, if they are, he shall have one. And now I am going. Bye-bye, dearie; and don't expect me until tea-time."

The girl took a sailor-hat of white straw, bound with a white ribbon, from the sofa, and set it carelessly on her golden curls.

"Come, Dido!" she said briskly.

A huge retriever appeared from beneath the table, and followed her out of the long window, which opened on to a narrow strip of lawn; and they made their way from the cottage down the cliff.

"Now do pray be careful how you go, Dido!" the girl cried to the dog, just as she might have spoken to a man. "If you don't travel cautiously, you'll be making a false step; and then, when I get to the foot, there will be nothing but a general smash to weep over."

Dido, as became an intelligent dog, moderated her pace, and walked sedately by her mistress' side until they reached the firm level sands. Then the golden-haired girl picked up a stone, and threw it with all her force into the water. The dog dashed in after it; and, with a laugh, the girl walked on, laughing still more when Dido came tearing after her, shaking all the salt water over her blue serge dress.

Such a glorious afternoon it was! The village of Sandune, perched on the top of the cliffs, lay in a blaze of golden light, and the waves, which usually seemed intent upon tearing down the cliffs, had ceased from their efforts for a time, and had apparently only sufficient strength to lap languidly upon the sands, which ran far out from the shore.

The girl, with the big dog for company, walked briskly along the firm wet sands, towards the west, and after a while sat down on a rock to rest. While the girl sat down the dog roamed about, slipping in and out of the shallow pools, sniffing at the sea-weed, and poking her nose into every corner and crevice she could find.

"If you take my advice, Dido," the girl said presently, "you will come here and recruit your strength for the walk home. We've come a mile and a half, if it were straight walking—which it is not; and, by the time we get to the cliff, you'll be dragging yourself along as if you'd walked fifty miles."

But Dido, being engaged in an exciting chase after a small crab and a sea-anemone, took no notice whatever of her mistress' advice, and presently suffered in consequence, as a dismal howl proclaimed.

"Now what is the matter?" the girl cried, jumping up and running to her. "Oh, Dido, poor old woman! What a bad business!"—for a large crab had caught her paw in a vicious grip. "Here, let me unfasten it!"

She released Dido from the crab; but unluckily the creature's other claw seized upon her own little white hand, and the girl uttered an agonizing shriek of pain.

"My dear child, stand still," a voice said imperatively. "I will have it off in an instant."

A firm hand caught hold of the disengaged claw and thrust the end of a walking-stick between the forceps. In one moment her hand was free.

"I'm sure you're awfully kind," she said, trying bravely to bear the pain, and succeeding very badly. "But the crab had hold of Dido; and I'm afraid she's very much hurt."

"Never mind the dog," her deliverer answered. "I wish I had some warm water to bathe you poor little hand in. It is almost crushed to pieces."

The girl's slender white hand, with a great purple bruise across it, was still lying in his broad strong one, and he was trying to shake the crab off the end of his stick.

"Could you bear to put it in the water?" he asked.

The girl shook her head, and two great tears rolled down her cheeks, and fell upon his hand.

"I dare not!" she answered, half sobbing. "I'll go straight home and put it in warm water."

"I am afraid it is hurting you dreadfully," he said in commiserating tones.

"Horribly!" she answered candidly. "I'll wrap it up in my handkerchief, and rush home at once. Oh, I have left it behind me!"

"Use mine," he returned promptly, drawing a crimson silk handkerchief from his pocket. "I will wrap it up for you."

The girl stood quite still until he had completed the task, and then she laughed through her tears.

"You are like the good Samaritan," she said, raising her soft violet eyes to his keen blue ones. "You must come back with me, if you don't mind," she continued, "that my aunt may thank you for your kindness."

"You live with an aunt?"

"I? Oh, no! At least, we are staying here"—with a soft half-laugh. "We are going to stay in Sandune six months. And that reminds me that I ought to tell you who I am, since that wretched crab introduced us without mentioning either of our names."

"And I too," he interrupted. "My name is Gerard Fane—at your service. Now, may I not hear yours?"

"I am called Branscombe—Gladys Branscombe," she answered, with a sudden deepening of the rose-flush in her cheeks.

"Gladys!" he repeated, in rather a startled tone.

"Yes. Is there anything strange about it?" she asked.

"Not at all. It is an exquisite name," he answered quickly, "and it suits you exactly. I have a horror of ugly names, just as I have of ugly people"—with a smile. "Always when I first meet a lady, I almost dread hearing her name, lest it should prove to be Phœbe or Martha."

"I rather like the name of Phœbe," Gladys said laughingly.

"Always makes me think of a fat woman who squints," he answered.

They were walking towards the village by that time, and Gladys merely smiled in reply. She was anxious to reach home; for the pain in her hand was agonizing, and seemed to be growing worse each moment. In utter unconsciousness of it, Mr. Fane continued—

"Gladys is a charming name, and yet you are hardly what I pictured a 'Gladys.'"

"Did you ever know any one so called before?" the girl asked, looking up at him.

"Never. I should say though that I have never know the name personally."

"But you know some one so-called by repute?"

"Yes," he returned shortly, and in so marked a manner that she perceived the subject was not a pleasant one to him. "I had an uncle who was guardian to a lady called Gladys."

"I see; and you did not like her?"

"I never knew her—never saw her?"

"How strange!"

"Hardly. I have been in India for the last ten years until two months ago."

"Oh, yes—I forget!" she said dreamily.

"Forgot?" he repeated in a tone of surprise.

"That you said you had never known a Gladys personally," she returned. "And what was my namesake's other appellation?"

"Hawthorndean."

"That is a pretty name—rather too long."

"You like short names?" he asked eagerly.

"Much. They are less troublesome in every respect. Now fancy giving such a name as Hawthorndean to a servant! What could he be expected to make of such a mouthful? Oh, you can form no idea of the nuisance it is!"

"What? How do you know?"

"I have a long name myself," she said, with a laugh; "and you, who are blessed with one of but four letters, can hardly appreciate the luxury of it!"

"I suppose not." Then there was a moment's silence. "You said you were going to stay some time?"

"Yes, six months or so, unless it grows very cold; and then, I suppose, we should have to go home."

"You are Scotch, I hear," he remarked.

He wanted to know where she lived, but had not quite courage or rudeness enough to ask the question plainly. She did not however gratify his curiosity on that point.

"Yes," she answered; "I am Scotch. My father was an Ayrshire man; but my mother was an Englishwoman. I have lived mostly in Scotland though."

"This part of the country is very pretty, is it not?" he observed, shifting from one commonplace to another.

"Very. There are not many visitors here, and no tourists."

"And it is so delightful after India. I hardly knew at first what to do with myself; for I have no relatives, except a cousin or two, who don't consider me eligible enough to invite. I dare say they do not know I am in England."

"Country houses are rather stupid," Miss Branscombe returned sympathetically. "I absolutely made my aunt come to the most out-of-the-way place we could find. By-the-way, are you too staying in Sandune, Mr. Fane?"

"No; at Rudkirk, two miles away. It's not exactly comfortable, and I wish I could find lodgings. You don't let lodgings, do you, Miss Branscombe?" he asked laughingly.

An odd expression crept over the girl's face.

"No," she said seriously, "we do not; but there is a dear old lady in the village who does."

"Would she take me in, do you think?"

"I'm sure I cannot say. Why, are you thinking of remaining some time in this neighborhood?"

"I think I shall stay a few months. The fact is, I am at a kind of loose end just now. By Christmas my leave will be over, and my time will be no longer my own; and really this is such a charming primitive place that I am tempted to stay here as long as possible."

"Yes; it is quite an Arcadia," Gladys said.

They had now reached the gate; and, as he opened it, she laughed.

"Is it not a queer little place? Not large enough to swing a cat, if we wanted to indulge in that amusement."

She led the way down the narrow path, between the rows of garden daisies which bordered it, to the house, and, entering the passage, opened a door on the right.

"Auntie," she said, "here is Mr. Gerard Fane. Mr. Fane, this is my aunt, Mrs. McDonald. I have had a little accident, auntie," she continued; "and this gentleman was so kind as to help to rescue me. Oh, no—it was nothing very alarming! Only a huge crab took a fancy to shake hands with me."

"My dearest child!" Mrs. McDonald cried, as her eyes fell upon Gladys' hand still wrapped in Gerard Fane's crimson handkerchief.

"I am afraid Miss Branscombe is making too little of it," Mr. Fane put in. "The creature's claw crushed her hand terribly. May I untie it for you?"

Gladys held out her hand, and he unfastened the coverings, displayed the soft white skin all bruised and discolored.

"I should advise warm water at once," he said tenderly.

Mrs. McDonald flew out of the room herself in search of it, and Gladys sat down in an arm-chair, looking very faint.

"Is it very painful?" he asked gently.

"It is horrible," she returned, her bravery suddenly deserting her. "I have been almost mad all the way home."

"And I, like a brute, have been," he began.

"No, no; it kept me up. If you would only go on talking now, but——" Then she gave way altogether and burst into tears.

Perhaps, during his whole life, Gerard Fane had never felt so uncomfortable or so thoroughly at a loss; he did not know what to do. Here was the very loveliest girl he had ever seen sobbing with pain; and he, Gerard Fane, of all men, was looking helplessly on. If he were to comfort her after his own fashion, that dragon of an aunt would be coming in; and besides he might make the hand more painful. Happily, a moment later Mrs. McDonald—who was not a dragon at all, but a very charming woman—returned, carrying a sponge and a basin filled with warm water.

"I can't bear the sponge, auntie," said Gladys, dashing her tears away with her right hand. "Oh, Mr. Fane, what a poor creature you must think me! I never could bear pain. I am not of the material of which heroic women are made."

"Don't admire heroic women," he returned, holding out his hand for the basin. "Mrs. McDonald, if you have any cold cream and some strips of linen, I think I can tie up Miss Branscombe's hand almost as well any doctor-fellow."

"I will get some," she answered hastily; and she left the room again.

"Now put your hand in here, and it will ease the pain wonderfully."

Gladys did as he bade her. He had taken a chair and held the basin upon his knee, while she plunged her hand beneath the water.

"There, is not that better?" he asked. "I thought so, you plucky little girl!"

"Plucky!" she echoed. "Not much pluck about me, I think. I wonder what I should have done if you had not happened to be within hearing. I think I should have gone mad."

"I am very thankful I was so near," he said fervently; "or perhaps this poor little hand would have suffered too." As he spoke he just touched her uninjured hand with with his, noticing with the quickness which men notice trifles of that kind—that she did not draw it away; and the touch of it thrilled him through and through.

"How is it now, Gladys?" Mrs. McDonald asked anxiously, as she returned with the linen and cream.

"Very much better, thank you," Gladys answered. "Shall I take it out now? The water is nearly cold."

"If you please."

He dried the bruised hand most skilfully and tenderly with the soft towel Mrs. McDonald had brought, and bandaged it up with the linen strips, plentifully besmeared with the cold cream.

"How clever you are!" the elder lady cried admiringly. "If I had done it, I should have hurt the poor child by my bungling."

"Your hands are shaking still," Gladys laughed. "Mr. Fane's are as still as a rock. I am afraid you must think me a great baby," she added, turning to him, her fair face crimsoned.

"I told you," he answered in a low tone, "that I do not admire heroic women—not that kind of heroism, at least."

"Come into the other room and have some tea," Mrs. McDonald said hospitably. "I am sure, Gladys, you must be faint, and Mr. Fane hungry. And tell me," she continued, leading the way across the passage, "how you met with such a misfortune."

"It was poor Dido who first received the attentions of the crab; and, in rescuing her, I got my hand fast in the other claw. Oh, I wonder if poor dear Dido is any worse!"

"Not at all, dear; I left her in the kitchen having her supper," Mrs. McDonald answered. "What a fortunate thing Mr. Fane was so near! Whatever would you have done else?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said the girl shivering.

"Is it easier now?" Mr. Fane asked.

"Oh, yes—a hundred thanks to you!"

"Not at all. Barring its having been painful for you, the accident was a fortunate one for me, since it has made us acquainted. I have been a week at Rudkirk, Mrs. McDonald, without having spoken to a soul except the landlady of the inn; and one gets very tired of oneself after the first day or two."

"Mr. Fane is at a 'loose end,' as he calls it, until Christmas, auntie," said Gladys, "just as we are; and he would like to take lodgings with us. We have hardly got reduced to that yet, have we?"

"I wish you were," remarked the young man, with a well-satisfied glance round the room. "But what about the old lady in the village, who you said would take me?"

"Pardon me; I said there is an old lady in the village who lets lodgings," answered Gladys demurely. "I made no assertion beyond that."

"Yes, Miss Airlie has rooms to let," said Mrs. McDonald. "She is very clean and pleasant, and not all expensive. We should have gone there instead of taking this house, but she objected to the dog."

"Perhaps she will object to your smoking," laughed Gladys.

"I do not smoke," Mr. Fane answered.

"Really! I thought every one who had been in India smoked. That was what Robert said. Did he not, auntie?"

"And who is Robert?" Gerard asked, with a slight frown darkening his brow.

"Robert is my cousin, Mrs. McDonald's son," she answered. "The McDonald Mac, I call him."

"Oh, yes! I thought you said you were Scotch, Miss Branscombe?"

"So I am."

"Branscombe is not a Scotch name."

"It was my mother's name," said Gladys gravely.

"Oh, I see! It must have been a great struggle for your father to give up his Scotch name for an English one."

At that Gladys laughed, and Mrs. McDonald looked embarrassed.

"You see, Mr. Fane," Gladys said gaily, "it is a sore subject with auntie. She does not approve of giving up old Scottish names for English ones."

"Nor do I," he replied promptly. "But it has to be done sometimes."

"Exactly," Gladys answered, laughing still more; "and that was just what I said to auntie when—when—oh, when we were talking on the subject a short time ago!" She had turned very red during her speech, and went hurriedly on to another subject, chiefly to prevent Gerard's noticing her words too closely. "What do you think, auntie? Mr. Fane knows a young lady called Gladys."

"Yes?"

"Or rather he knows her by repute only. Her name was Gladys Hawthorndean."

"She was a ward of my uncle's," said Gerard carelessly; "but I have never seen her. Yes, thank you, I will take another cup. Miss Branscombe, do you sing?"

"Sometimes."

"What is your voice?"

"Nondescript, most nondescript," she laughed. "Sometimes I sing Bishop's 'Pilgrim of Love,' and sometimes 'When the Tide Comes in;' and I sing both badly."

"I do not believe that. Perhaps after tea you will sing to me?"

"I am afraid my hand will prevent me," she said regretfully.

"If you will permit me, I can play your accompaniments,"—eagerly.

"In that case I shall be delighted. You sing yourself?"

"Hardly; my vocal powers limit themselves to one comic song for the mess-room," he laughed. "But I am passionately fond of music of any kind."

"Bad music?" Gladys asked, raising her eyebrows.

"No"—smiling. "And I cannot endure English music. In my opinion no Englishmen is capable of composing at all. Oh, those airs—popular airs, with variations, as if the piano had suddenly been seized with a fit of stammering and couldn't hammer the air out—they drive me mad!"

"When my hand is better," said the girl gravely, "I will play you 'Home, Sweet Home,' with variations—arranged by our schoolmistress at—at home—our village schoolmistress. It is a treat I am sure you will enjoy."

"I beg you will not," he replied, "though I am sure, played by you, any air or arrangement would sound well. Yet, while there are the glorious compositions of Beethoven and Mozart, to say nothing of the modern composers of the foreign schools, it seems a pity to neglect them for conglomerations of notes which can scarcely be dignified by the name of music."

"Oh, what a disquisition!" Gladys cried. "Would you mind saying it over again?"

"You are satirical," he said, smiling.

"Not at all. I am only not a blue-stocking," she retorted.

"Heaven forbid!" he ejaculated fervently. "There is nothing so dreadful as a blue stocking."

"Dear me," said Gladys demurely, "I wonder what sort of women you do like!"

They were once more alone, for Mrs. McDonald had gone to finish her letter to her boy Robert.

"The sort of woman I like," said Gerard, leaning his arms upon the table and looking straight at her, "is gentle."

"Yes?"

"Gentle in every way—by birth, by education, by nature."

"Humph," said the girl doubtfully—"a sort of tame sheep! Go on."

"Not at all. She is gentle; her voice is low and sweet."

"I have heard that in a song somewhere," Gladys interrupted. "Oh, I know; it is 'Annie Laurie,' of course!" And she began to sing in a soft voice—

"'Like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet.
An' she's a' in the warld to me;
An' for bonny Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.'

Yes, that is it. Well, Mr. Fane, go on."

"Being gentle, she should also be yielding, to certain persons; she should look to a stronger arm for aid, and not rely only on herself."

"Ah, as I did to you this afternoon!" put in Gladys carelessly. "But, if neither you or any one else had happened to be there, I should have been in a nice fix."

"I think you were in a nice enough fix, as it was," he answered.

"Oh"—with a sigh—"it was awful! Well, go on with your description of the ideal."

"I think that is all—gentle, loving, yielding, and clinging always to a stronger nature than her own."

"In fact, the typical ivy twining round the oak," Gladys laughed. "Now shall I tell you what other characteristics your faultless white cat has? Yes? Then you may take my word for it—I am only twenty years old, but I have not passed those twenty years with my eyes shut—that a great truth lies in the old proverb that 'Still waters run deep.' They do run deep—so deep that you never reach bottom. Your pussy-cat, who turns up the whites of her eyes and clings to you, who can't buy a bonnet or write a letter without your help, who dares not walk the length of a street alone, who in other words plays the role of the ivy to your oak, is one huge deception."

"Why?"

"Well, if you have been brought up from childhood with her, well and good; but if you only met her at one, two, or three-and-twenty, does it never occur to you that she may have played the role of the ivy before? She has, depend upon it, made use of all those little tricks of meekness and homage to half a dozen men before you. And why? Because men are so vain, so easily attracted by a little flattery, that hers is the least difficult way of conquering them—and the most ignoble. Shall I tell you my idea of a true woman? She should have spirit; oh, call it temper if you will! She should evoke respect. She should permit none of those slights and careless impertinences which your white cat would pass over without rebuke familiarity with her should not breed contempt. She should not be treated as a toy or a plaything, as an inferior creature, but as an equal. There, is not that an oration for you?" she concluded.

"Perhaps a combination of the two would be an improvement," said Gerard gravely.

"My ideal would be gentle, my ideal would know when to yield. Just compare the two—yours, gentle, yielding, clinging; mine, gentle, wise, firm, true, dignided. They will not bear comparison."

"No. Now give me your ideal of a man."

"Oh, I have not one!" she cried hastily, and flushing all over her face. "I had one, but—but——"

"But what?"

"Oh, he was like Dagon, he came to grief! But then he was only an ideal, not a real man of flesh and blood, any more than your white cat was."

"Miss Branscombe," said Gerard, "will you tell me something?"

"Certainly."

"Was your ideal woman real?"

"Of course not"—and Gladys laughed.

He looked a little disappointed.

"I thought it might be yourself."

"I? Oh, no! I am cowardly—very, as you have seen—fanciful, horribly impulsive, sometimes obstinate, not very wise, though I hope I am always true. I am not quick to take offence, but I am very slow to forgive."

"Really? I could not have believed it possible."

"It is true nevertheless. Mr. Fane, I have a memory so good that it is a nuisance to me. I cannot forget. If I could do so I should find it easier to forgive. Now aunt McDonald, after any one has said the most unkind things to her, will forget all about it and make friends; I cannot do that, though I don't blaze up half so fast as she does.

* * * * * *

On the following day Gerard Fane settled himself in his new quarters at Sandune. He professed himself highly delighted with his change. His landlady seemed to be a good cook, and her rooms were a picture of cleanliness and cheerfulness.

"I really don't know how to thank you sufficiently, Miss Branscombe," he said to Gladys, when he called to ask after her hand. "I am afraid that after two days more of Rudkirk and the landlady of the Falcon, I should have gone back to the beaten track in sheer desperation."

"Poor Mr. Fane!" the girl laughed. "I expect you will soon get tired of Sandune. Just at first it is novel, and so are we; but after a week you will find it all very tiresome."

"Shall I?" he asked, in a dangerously low voice, at which Mrs. McDonald smiled over her embroidery and Gladys laughed aloud.

"Of course you will. There's no one in the village to speak to except ourselves and the minister, and you'll not make very much of him; and, as for us, oh, we are dreadfully stupid, are we not, auntie?"

"I do not consider you stupid, my dear," replied Mrs. McDonald.

"Well, no, perhaps not stupid, but rather flighty, which is infinitely worse," Gladys said. "Oh, I assure you, Mr. Fane, that sometimes a whole day passes and we have never evolved a single original remark, not out of the two of us!"

"I believe there is nothing original or new under the sun," Gerard answered.

"Perhaps not. No, I dare say most people have remarked upon the weather and the state of their health at some time or other."

"Miss Branscombe," he said presently, "do you know that you never sang to me last night, as you promised you would?"

"Did I not? I believe we were too busy theorizing to remember more frivolous pursuits. Do you know, Mr. Fane, I have a friend who really considers music frivolous?"

"Really?"

"Yes; not for me—she will listen to me for hours—but for herself. She is so wonderfully clever that she has no time to devote to the study of such frivolous accomplishments as music and drawing."

"Then she is a blue-stocking?"

"Of the very first degree."

"And what is she like—to look at, I mean?"

"Oh, well—I—— What is Mary Trevor like, auntie?"

"Little, slender, colorless," returned Mrs. McDonald promptly, "quite colorless—or, stay, ra her a whity-brown, hair, eyes and complexion—and her mouth is not straight."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Fane. "And there is nothing else she considers frivolous?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" laughed Gladys. "Marrying, for one thing. She looks upon me as a most unfortunate girl, because——" Then she blushed and looked at her aunt.

"You are not going to be married!" cried Mr. Fane.

"I dare say I shall, some day," Gladys answered rather awkwardly. "At all events, I do not renounce marriage as Mary does; and so she looks upon me as a little weak, decidedly misguided, and as holding most unfortunate opinions."

"I dare say, if any one asked her to marry him," Mr. Fane remarked with great scorn, "that your very learned friend would change her opinions."

"Perhaps she might," answered Gladys gravely, "if the man were exceptionally charming and handsome, and rich and learned also."

But Gerard Fane, thinking of Mrs. McDonald's "whity-brown" description of Gladys' friend, seemed to think she would never be put to the test. Then he asked Gladys to sing to him.

"Very well. What shall it be?"—moving to the piano and opening it. "No; I can play myself, thank you. I prefer my own accompaniments; I get over weak points better, don't you see? Now, what is it to be?"

"I don't mind, really. I have no choice," he said, taking the chair next to the piano. "You may fancy I am your music-master, if I sit here."

"My music-master," laughed the girl softly. "Oh, I was never afraid of him!"

Then she began to play dreamily a strange, half-weird, half-crooning melody, which made Gerard's pulses beat faster by the force of its very quaintness; but after a few bars she broke off suddenly.

"I cannot accomplish that," she laughed. "My miserable hand hurts me a little. I had intended to play for you, but you must just put up with singing to-day." And so she began "The Three Fishers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEOPLE who never ask any questions never learn very much.

CRAMPS, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, SOUR Stomach, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, are speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. As a family remedy for Disorders of the Bowels, so often prevalent in the Summer months, it is especially recommended, being prompt in its operation, perfectly safe, and easily administered.

Scientific and Useful.

ENERGY.—The energy exerted by a railroad train traveling 75 miles an hour is nearly twice that of a 2000-pound shot fired from a 100-ton Armstrong gun.

COAL BINS.—To determine how much coal a bin will hold, calculate 37½ cubic feet to every ton of 2000 pounds. This rule applies substantially to either soft or hard coal.

GLASS EYES.—An amateur oculist in Michigan made a glass eye for his spaniel dog. The animal soon became used to the artificial member, and learned by a quick contraction of the muscles to eject the eye from the socket.

THE DOOR-BELL.—If the electric door bell refuses to ring, advises some one who knows, shake up the electric jars. If that does not remedy the trouble, put more water in them. It sometimes happens that the water gets so low that the connection is broken and moisture is all that is necessary. Put the water in the jar and shake it up a little.

WATERPROOFING FOR THE SOLES OF SHOES.—The compound is applied over the welt and insole, or over the seams, joints, peg holes, etc. Two and one-half pounds of wax are melted, and three pounds of powdered talc, steatite or soapstone are mixed therewith. Four pints of rubber paste or caoutchouc (Brazilian gum) are then incorporated with the mass.

THERMOMETERS.—A new thermometer has been invented in Germany in which toluol, a mobile benzine liquid, has been substituted for the mercury and alcohol of the present weather chronicler. It can only be inferred from the vague accounts of the new instrument that the toluol has been given a deep black color, which renders the column easily discernible, and that the new liquid's freezing point is so remote from its boiling point that it may not be limited in accuracy, as mercury is, between—35 and 300 degrees centigrade. That the new thermometer shall prove to be as great an improvement over mercury as mercury was over the old-time colored spirits of wine and Newton's oil can hardly be hoped. A gratifying feature is the announcement that the toluol costs less than mercury, and that its manipulation is attended with no danger to the health of the workman.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—The sheep is the best paying animal on the farm, and this has been demonstrated even by leaving out the value of the wool. Mutton breeds have never failed to give satisfaction.

TIRES.—The use of broad tires on roads is a subject that should receive attention. Instead of cutting up the road a broad tire serves as a roller, and packs and smooths the road. It is not necessary to have heavy wheels because they are broad.

TOOLS.—The better condition in which the farm tools are kept, the less effort is required on the part of teams, and on the part of the workmen also; yet farmers will use their implements a whole year without sharpening them. No other mechanic would.

THE CULTIVATOR.—Keep the cultivator going and the surface of the ground frequently stirred in all the growing crops. This not only keeps the weeds at bay, but also lets the heat into the soil and through that agency forces along the growth. That "tillage is manure" may not be quite true, yet it greatly aids the growth of plants.

THE PLEASING SIDE.—The pleasing share of farming must be made conspicuous. It is said that all farmers aim for this success. They do in some degree, but they too frequently allow the repulsive part to become too prominent. Weeds offend the beauty of fields, poor fences allow the intrusion of unruly animals, rubbish takes the place of neatness and general disorder prevails through the barn and buildings.

CORN.—Not a bushel of corn should be turned into pork without knowing whether it will bring as much money as though it had been sold at the warehouse, says a writer. It is not easy for the average farmer to determine just what it costs him to "feed off" his drove of hogs. It would be often better to sell them off to the professional feeder at this stage. Lack of profit usually lies in slow development at the early stage, or in the final cost of fattening.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

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Some Faults of Beauty.

It is personal beauty to which we are referring, and not the vague yet moving hints at perfection which everywhere in nature excite and charm our æsthetic sensibilities. And it is to personal beauty as seen in woman that we would confine our thoughts, for the beautiful man is not accepted as characteristic by the majority of his fellow-creatures. No doubt he exists—and certain types of women dote on him; but the pretty man or the handsome man may be put aside rather impatiently—and few will regret his disappearance. Not that there are not styles of men as frankly admired as the most beautiful women—only they are not beautiful men.

Strength, valor, tenacity, resolution, wisdom put a stamp on a man that is observed with respect and admiration, but it does not entitle the hero to be called beautiful. The Adonis is a feminine type, and possibly references to beauty as seen in women would not be misapplied to him; so to that extent he may be included in our survey, the reservation being well understood that the pretty man is an exception, a mistake, a tolerated intruder.

The pros and cons respecting personal beauty may be raised perhaps most readily by asking, Is it an advantage to be beautiful? We imagine there will be little doubt in the answer that by many women will be instantly returned to the question. They would like to have a face for a fortune. They know that the world has always bowed the knee to beauty—at any rate, temporarily—and, individually, the woman who has perfection of feature and form has apparently the best of life's handicap.

But beauty can rarely satisfy the hopes which it has raised. One of the ancients called it "a short-lived tyranny;" another, "a silent fraud;" and, when we remember the temptations to which it subjects its possessors, as well as the failures to which it often leads, the pleasure that seems to attend it and the blight that again and again succeeds, it may not unreasonably be argued that, notwithstanding the predisposition of mankind in favor of personal beauty, the quality has been overrated, and it is not a gift which the mother may wisely desire for her child.

The great disqualification of beauty is that it does not usually accompany brightness of intellect, a desire to please, and the personal qualities that have a lasting charm. We are aware that that is a bold and sweeping assertion, and we admit that it must make way for numerous exceptions; but it is upheld as a general statement by many observers.

Why is it that beauty is so often spoiled by the lack of the accompanying graces with which the poet rashly credits it? The reason is that from the beginning it is regarded as a sufficient cause for pampering and admiration.

It may be doubted whether men and women judge leniently those who are beautiful. While the spell of a seeming perfection is cast on the beholder, he may feel that anything can be forgiven to the beautiful woman; but the feeling passes, and there is probably a keener criticism to follow than would be passed on the ordinary person.

The weaknesses of the inconspicuous do not matter much—they may be hidden; but we are all attracted by the beautiful at least to look, and it is natural to notice, with a favorable prepossession, whether these outward attractions have an accompaniment of pleasing spiritual qualities; so failure cannot pass unnoticed.

This lady whose chiselled features delight the eye like a picture of the ideal, is she only a picture? Her pride, her emptiness, her want of ideas cannot be hidden from those who have the chance of knowing her. Her face challenges us to estimate her character. Her very beauty may be a foil to show up her defects the more plainly. A fierce light beats upon beauty when its pristine influences have been exhausted. We think, How exquisite! Then we wait and think, But is that all? Truly the beautiful woman is often to be pitied.

Endangered by flattery, made satisfied and complacent by the assurance that she has natural advantages which cannot be copied, the temptation to trust to form rather than spirit is strong, and there may follow the keener criticism, while there is sure to come a waning of the beauty that once was so all-important. The remedy is to guard the beautiful girl against the knowledge that she is beautiful, and to give her a chance of acquiring all the solid advantages which prepare her plainer sisters for a happier and safer future than her own.

A woman who is born with beauty, instead of being regarded as having received her dower, ought to be more carefully watched and tended than any other creature, for the dangers of spoiling are greater. First come the doting and flattery of parents, giving the child a false conception of life. Then, as increasing beauty draws all eyes, the temptation gathers strength to judge as she would be judged—that is to say, by appearances. Tens of thousands fall by the way, snared by their beauty; and, for such as triumph and come forth crowned with whatever success they sought, there remains the certainty that all the graces of form perish with years. The woman of twenty-five shuts her eyes upon the changes that will have come when she is fifty. But we know perfectly well that the strength of man, which is his pride, and the beauty of woman will surely fade away, and then what remains? If men were asked to marry those who they knew were ordering their lives by slowly-decaying virtues, what would they say? If they were aware that year by year the temper would be sharpened, patience be worn away, that cheerfulness would decline, intellect be dimmed, and helpful activity slacken, they would hesitate long before binding themselves to a life-companion with whom association would be less and less satisfactory as time went on. And yet that is the position of the man who marries a wife for the sake of her beauty, for beauty wears away, as mental and moral qualities do not.

We have not wished to be unduly severe in judging the beauty which we all delight in. No one can escape giving tribute to the charms of form in human guise. The wisest of men have succumbed to these charms, and have been rudely disenchanted afterwards. It is not against almost irresistible beauty that our warning is uttered, but against a dependence on beauty alone for womanly attractions. The more beautiful a woman is the greater the need for the hiding of the fact from her own notice and the careful cultivation of character and intellect; for, on the whole, Nature, in her economical way, does not give other advantages generously to those whom she has favored with personal beauty.

The clever, the helpful, and the happy are not unfrequently only plainly though enduringly equipped. As it has been shrewdly observed, "they into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy are the women formed for making men happy." The beauty of kindness, animation, self-forgetfulness are not "a silent fraud," as the beauty of form may be and often is. The woman who has both kinds of beauty may command an emperor's tasks; but the beauty of form and feature alone, though it appears like an enchantment, is only a mirage in a desert.

THE expression of any feeling, of any desire, of any aspiration is a simple and straightforward matter. Whatever criticism may be made on the character of the feeling or desire, no one can pronounce a man insincere who translates it correctly in language. If his subsequent conduct is at variance with such expression, we may doubt the depth of the feeling or the strength of the desire; we may perceive that habit in a contrary direction is too powerful to be overcome; but we cannot, with any show of justice, accuse him of insincerity.

CONSTANCY to our own highest thoughts and noblest purposes, to the voice of truth whenever we can hear it, to the best that we can discover both within us and around us—that is the constancy which goes hand-in-hand with the fullest life and the richest attainments, for, as external vigilance is the price of liberty, so external progress is the price of stability.

CHEERFULNESS is like money well expended in charity—the more we dispense of it the greater our possession. "A light heart lives long." Think only healthful thoughts. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. "Seek peace, and pursue it."

SHOULD misfortune overtake you, retrench, work harder, but never retreat; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance. Should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

AFFECTATION in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us to be taken notice of, either as wanting sense, or wanting sincerity.

SELF-HELP alone makes a man succeed. If he has confidence in himself he may despise the world, because he is sure to get on by his own determination to succeed.

WE shall never acquire any great capacity for joy, the blessed peace of God will never possess our mind and heart so long as we shrink from self-denial.

WHENEVER you see want or misery or degradation in this world about you, then be sure either industry has been wanting, or industry has been in error.

THE dissipations that many persons resort to to drown care are like the curtain children in bed pull round them "to keep out the dark."

THERE is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best that one knows.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

CURLY LOCKS.—We have never heard that people with curly hair are deceitful. Where did you get the notion?

L. T.—When lightning is unattended by thunder, it is simply because the lightning-clouds are so far off that the noise of the thunder is lost before it reaches the ear.

MARTIN.—Water-gilding is done by a mixture of gold and mercury laid upon the article and placed in the fire till all the mercury is destroyed and leaves the gold upon the surface; it is then scratch-brushed and burnished.

STUDIOUS.—Some persons three and four times twenty years of age have taught themselves Greek and Latin and other languages; but for every one of that kind there are hundreds who cannot master any language, even with all the assistance a teacher can give.

VITUS.—Vitus was a Sicilian martyred by Diocletian A. D. 303–313. He was made one of the fourteen "helpers in need" in the Catholic calendar and canonized. Persons suffering from nervous diseases prayed to him, and St. Vitus' dance was originally a procession of men and women jumping along the roads to his chapels.

KITTIE.—It is customary to hang bells around the necks of cattle in Switzerland, because they are allowed to roam at will among the mountains, and the sound of the bells tends to keep them together, and also to remind the herdsmen of their whereabouts. The leader of each herd has the largest and finest-toned bell.

GARNET.—Garnets were called by the ancients carbuncles; and when cut round and flat, like a drop of tallow, they are still called by the same name. The dark, red garnet is something like the ruby; but there are also black, brown, green, and yellow garnets. The most prized are the red and black. The best come from Ceylon, Pegu, and Greenland.

UNORTHODOX.—Rapid strides are being made in funeral reform, and the vulgar habit of wearing "deep" mourning is undoubtedly on the decrease. Whether we shall ever arrive at a stage when outward and visible signs of mourning are altogether dispensed with is more than doubtful, but we are unquestionably learning to have the courage of our opinion in these matters.

JOHN.—The public baths amongst the ancients consisted of a great number of apartments. Both hot and cold were generally comprised in the same building. The wealthy usually had baths in their own houses, but in the time of Augustus the public baths became very numerous, and were noted for their grandeur and magnificence. It is stated that at one period there were eight hundred public baths in Rome.

LUCKNEY.—The idea of the Wandering Jew is mediæval, and is founded on the legend that when Jesus bore his cross—he probably carried only one beam of it—a Jew struck him, and urged him on, and that He, turning back, told his persecutor to "tarry till He came." This is a misprision of a known passage of Scripture. There could of course be no foundation for it in fact; but the story was credited for many years, and the legend is very beautiful.

CADDY.—Tophet is a spot in a fertile valley southeast of ancient Jerusalem. It was the place where the idolatrous Jews passed their children through the fire to Moloch. At a later time it was used as a place to thrust the dead bodies of men to whom interment had been refused. It was also a receptacle for the carcasses of beasts and the garbage of the streets. As a fire was kept constantly burning to consume all that was conveyed there, the word was employed metaphorically for Hades.

PESTERED.—The insect is the common "earwig," so called, some said, because it was supposed to bore its way into people's ear. In reality, the name is "earwing," and the prongs at its tail, which looks so formidable, are in fact only the combs with which the insect cleans its delicate wings. It lurks in cracks and crevices in wood, and under bark on trees. The "cure" for it is paraffin oil. Let your friend paint her wood house with that, or drop some into cracks and crevices and paint along the wood with it close to the ground; the insect will not then ascend.

COEUR DE LION.—At the battle Worth, in France, one of the bloodiest engagements of the Franco-Prussian war, the French lost 5,000 killed and wounded, and had 5,000 taken prisoners; the Germans had 3,000 killed and wounded; at Mars-la-Tour, the Germans had 17,000 killed and wounded, the French loss being even greater; but at Gravelotte, where the battle continued for 12 hours, the French lost 19,000, the Germans 25,000; the carnage was described as dreadful. 3. At Waterloo the allies had 22,978 killed and wounded; the French are said to have had 40,000 killed and wounded.

D. HARRIS.—In traveling 180° westward from Greenwich you would lose 12 hours, because the days would be longer in traveling westward, as the sun would set every day later than at Greenwich; but in traveling 180° eastward from Greenwich you would gain 12 hours, the days being shorter, making apparently a difference of one day. If you could sail round the globe, westward from Greenwich, in a year of 365 days, returning to Greenwich at the end of the year, you would reckon only 364 days; but if you sailed round the globe, eastward from Greenwich, in a year, you would reckon 366 days, making a difference of two days between sailing eastward and westward.

UNSATISFIED.

BY D. D.

Every brain hath hidden depths,
That another may not know;
Every life some hidden sorrow,
Every heart some secret woe.

Time to some may bring sweet gladness,
Sunshine after heavy rain,
But to others only sadness,
No remittance of their pain.

Weary days and nights of sorrow,
Weeping eyes and struggling breath;
Longings for that last "to-morrow,"
When the struggle ends in death.

Will the longing then be stifled?
Will the heart be purified?
Will we then forget our sorrows?
Will our lives be satisfied?

On the Karroo.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

ACROSS the red, sandy karroo came "trekking" a huge, lumbering Cape wagon, drawn by a span of sixteen oxen, which were continually urged on by the "voorloopers," two Kaffir lads. At the front of the wagon, beside the Kaffir driver, sat James Rockhurst, a big, black-bearded fellow of thirty-five or forty, whose once handsome face was sadly disfigured with the marks of many a scrimmage, for he had lived and fought in almost every rough corner of the globe. He had been a cowboy in Texas, a gold-seeker on the Pacific slope, a stock-rider in the Australian Bush, and goodness knows what beside; but, like the rolling stone that he was, he had gathered no moss. He had been drifted by the tide of circumstances to South Africa, and was now crossing the Great Karroo in the hope of getting a job on the ostrich farm of a distant relative.

By this side of the wagon rode another Englishman, on horseback. The rider, who was roughly dressed, was young—not much over thirty—and was an average specimen of the Cape colonist, with skin bronzed to a deep hue. He was singularly reticent about his personal affairs; and although the two men had now traveled in company for a couple of days, Rockhurst knew practically nothing about his companion save that his name was David Grant, and that he was last from the Transvaal.

But although silent on one subject, Grant was by no means a bad companion. Occasionally he would gaze thoughtfully over the great rolling "veldt," and a wistful look of yearning anticipation would come into his eyes; but on the whole he was a pleasant fellow, and as mile after mile of the rough track was steadily covered, his laugh grew cheerier, his spirits rose higher, and, unconsciously, his fingers sought oftener than before the leathern belt strapped round his waist under his vest. The nervous action betrayed him, for Rockhurst's lynx-like eye took in his every movement.

"Diamonds!" quoth Rockhurst to himself, and his eyes glistened at the thought. All that forenoon as they trekked beneath the blazing sun; at noon, too, when they "outspanned" for a couple of hours by the dams of a farmstead, the word was uppermost in his mind. Mr. James Rockhurst's moral code was not of the highest, and his notions of right and wrong were peculiarly convenient.

That evening, the travelers halted for the night by the side of a "sluit," down which trickled a tiny stream. The Kaffirs made a fire, and over it the rude supper was cooked. Then the two white men, having smoked their last pipes, stretched themselves upon the "kartel," or hanging bedstead, inside the wagon; while the blacks got hopelessly drunk on a bottle of "Cape smoke" they had procured at the farm where they had outspanned at midday.

About midnight, Rockhurst raised himself cautiously to a sitting posture and listened intently. His companion's regular breathing told him he was sleeping that sound sleep which follows a day in the saddle: and the loud discordant snores that came up through the floor of the wagon assured him that there was nothing to fear from the Kaffirs who lay beneath, stupefied by the vile stuff they had debauched themselves with. With as little movement as possible he drew the curtain of the wagon aside. Outside, the great full moon had turned the veldt into a plain of frosted silver.

The glorious Southern Cross, too, looked down upon the tranquil scene, that was strangely out of harmony with the wicked thoughts that thronged the watcher's mind. The oxen lay contentedly near, and Grant's horse stood motionless, silhouetted against the fairy background, tethered to the stump of a prickly-pear. A moonbeam strayed in through the parted curtain and played softly on the sleeper's smiling features, as Rockhurst bent over him, his hands fingering the belt that encircled the prostrate figure. To one side of the girdle was fastened a small pouch. This the marauder detached and slipped into his own pocket. As he did so his unconscious victim stirred a little in his sleep and murmured "Maggie;" but he did not wake.

"The fool is dreaming of his sweetheart," muttered Rockhurst sotto voce, as he swung himself gently from the "kartel," and picking up the saddle from the floor, quietly left the wagon. Stopping for a moment outside to open the pouch and make sure that it contained what he expected—a few rough pebbles, diamonds in their "gang"—he unhitched the horse, led him carefully a little distance beyond the wagon, saddled him, and springing upon his back, quickly disappeared over the moonlit plain.

All that night the guilty man urged on his beast, keeping to the track as best he could. All the next day, too, he pushed on, stopping twice at lonely farmsteads to bait the horse and procure food for himself. He was no connoisseur of diamonds, and could not form any idea of the value of his plunder, but he judged that it must be worth some hundreds of pounds. He had got a good start, and he meant to keep it.

The programme that evolved itself in his brain was this: He would make direct for Graaff Reynet, at which place he expected to arrive at least a couple of days before any information of the robbery, for news travels slowly over the veldt. There he would take the train for Port Elizabeth, leave the cars before they got to their destination, and make the best of his way across country to East London, where he could ship to any distant port whither a vessel might be on the point of sailing.

Full of this determination, he spared neither himself nor his steed, and that night drew rein at a solitary farmhouse from one of the windows of which shone the light of a candle. The appearance of the homestead did not give one the idea that the tenant was blessed with a superfluity of this world's riches.

The squat, mud-built dwelling-place was small and ugly, and the kraals and outbuildings were few and scanty. Nevertheless, Rockhurst determined to stop and beg for a night's quarters. Dismounting, he approached the house, and peered anxiously into the lighted room through the uncurtained window; but the sight he saw was far from the comfortable scene he expected. On a low settle, which had been transformed into a bed, a sick child—a little girl—of three or four years of age moaned wearily as she tossed restlessly in her feverish slumber; while in a chair in front of the dying embers in the grate a pale wan woman, haggard and hollow-eyed with long watching, sat lost in that deep oblivion which only overwrought nature can give.

"Smallpox!" exclaimed Rockhurst, recognizing the symptoms of the loathsome disease on the face of the little sufferer. "Bad, too! I'm getting out of this as sharp as I can—even if I have to camp out on the veldt all night;" and springing once more into the saddle, he urged on the jaded beast.

But however much he tried, he could not rid himself of the sight of that little face disfigured with the fatal blotches. Suddenly he turned his horse's head. Something drew him back to the farm. A second time he approached the lighted window and peeped in. The sash was open at the top, and as he stood watching the pathetic scene, the parched lips of the tiny patient moved and faintly lisped: "Mammy, want a drink!"

A jug and a cup stood upon the little table; but the woman in the chair was deaf to the plaintive voice. For four days and nights she had watched unremittingly by the sick couch; now her strength had failed, sleep had overcome even a mother's devotion; and it is doubtful whether anything short of an earthquake would have aroused her just then.

"Mammy, want a drink—want a drink, mammy—mam-my!" came again, still more faintly, from the settle.

In the moonlight, something suspiciously like a tear glistened in the corner of the hardened scamp's eye as he hitched his horse to a ring in the wall of one of the outhouses and turned to the door. No bolts stopped him, and, raising the latch, he stepped straight into the little room. With clumsy fingers, trembling with a strange emotion, he poured out the cooling drink and held the cup to the discolored lips of the little sufferer.

The child swallowed the draught eagerly, and then lay motionless for a few minutes before beginning to toss and moan as before. Next Rockhurst raked together the glowing embers, heaped on more fuel, and snuffed the candle with his fingers. Then he gazed round the small apartment, and spying a box under the table, he drew it up to the hearth and opposite to the sleeping woman. Wrapping up the child in a blanket, he lifted her from the settle, and with his precious burden in his arms sat down on the box.

As he swayed gently to and fro, the moaning grew fainter and less frequent, and finally ceased as the little one, without opening her eyes, turned her face towards him and snuggled closer to his rough breast. The crisis was past; and, thanks to Rockhurst's timely attentions, a peaceful, health-giving slumber had come to the child.

On and on through the long dreary watches of the night the woman slept soundly; and no less securely did the child rest cradled in the arms of her rough-handed nurse. The candle burnt down into the socket and went out with a splutter, and still the man sat motionless in the flickering firelight, for fear lest he should awake his charge.

The moon sank beneath the western horizon, the stars faded and the dawn appeared, and just as the rim of the rising sun became visible above the veldt, the woman stirred in her chair and awoke with a start. "Oh, my child—my poor darling!" she exclaimed in an agony of alarm. Then her eyes fell upon the stranger, and a look of helpless bewilderment came into them.

"Hush!" said Rockhurst; "the kid's all right. See! she's sleeping soundly."

"Thank God!" cried the woman, as the tears rolled down her cheeks. "I must have fallen asleep. I—— Oh! how could I ever forgive myself if any harm had come to my little one—my precious Lisbeth? But you, sir—how did you come here? Are you a man or an angel in disguise?"

At this, Rockhurst smiled grimly, the woman's surmise was so very wide of the mark. Nevertheless, it made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. "No; I ain't no angel, marm, as I know on," he replied; "I'm only a poor traveler, who saw your light, and came to beg a night's shelter. I peeped in at the window and heard the kid ask for a drink: so I just stepped in and gave it, and thought as how I might as well stop till you woke up. So, you see, it's only by chance I happen to be here."

"No, don't say that," cried the woman; "say, rather, that God sent you. Oh, how can I ever thank you and Him? If it had not been for your coming, my poor little Lisbeth might have died!"

"Now, don't you take on so, marm—don't say nothing about it," replied Rockhurst huskily, as he handed her his burden. "I don't want your thanks; but I'd be much obliged to you if you'd give me a mouthful of something to eat and a feed for my horse, and then we must be jogging again."

The mother laid her sleeping child tenderly upon the couch, and then bustled out intent on hospitable matters. Soon she returned with food, and placed it before the hungry man, who fell to with ravenous appetite, while his hostess went off to rouse one of the Kaffirs to attend to the horse.

While she was absent, the man's eye fell upon a book which lay open upon the table. He drew it towards him, and mechanically turned over the pages until he came to the fly-leaf, upon which was written in a bold hand the name "David Grant." The cake he was conveying to his mouth with the other hand fell untasted from his lips. Good heavens! could it be possible? Was he eating the bread of the man he had robbed? Could this be?——

There was not time for further conjecture, for at that moment the woman reentered. Her maternal anxiety led her first to the couch to make sure that her child was all right. This gave the man a little time in which to recover himself; and when she turned round, he asked, with assumed carelessness, as he pointed to the name on the fly-leaf: "That your husband, marm?"

"Yes; that is my husband—my David," she replied, with a smile that spoke volumes. "I am expecting him home every day. Won't you stay until he comes and can help me to thank you for what you have done for our only child?"

"No; I must be on the move directly," Rockhurst replied. Then he added, quite casually: "Husband been away long marm?"

"Twelve months—twelve long, weary months," she said, with a sigh. "You see, it was like this. Things were bad on the farm. We had made little or nothing for three or four years. Then came the dreadful drought. The water in the dams ran short; the well gave out, and we lost nearly all our stock. That decided David. He gave up all hope of making money at farming, and determined to try his luck at the Diamond Fields. It is just a year since he left for Kimberly, leaving me and old Grierson, the overseer, to look after what little stock we had during his absence. I didn't try to stay him, although the parting well-nigh broke my heart, for I knew that his mind was set upon it. His letters, sometimes hopeful, sometimes despanding, have been my comfort during his absence. At first, things went against him; but at last the luck changed, and now all the weary waiting is over, and I shall soon have him at home again. He doesn't know his child is ill—he doesn't know how I have sat hour after hour by her side, watching the flickering spark of life, and not daring to think—afraid even to hope. But now the worst is past; little Lisbeth will soon be well and strong again; David—my David will be with us; and we shall all go to England, to settle down in the old country on the results of his labors at the Diamond Field. Now, do stay—do, I beg of you. David will be so vexed when he learns what you have done for us—how, probaby, you have saved our darling's life—if he cannot thank you. He will be home, perhaps to-morrow—to-day."

Great beads of sweat stood on Rockhurst's brow as he listened to Maggie Grant's words. When she had finished speaking, he rose and paced thoughtfully to and fro across the little room, while the woman looked on wonderingly. Suddenly he stopped, faced about, and drawing the leather pouch from his pocket, flung it upon the table. "Dash it! marm," he cried; "I can't stand this no longer. When your husband comes home, tell him I brought on his horse and his diamonds and delivered 'em safe;" and with these words he snatched up his hat and strode out of the door.

A faint glimmer of the truth broke in upon the astonished woman. Still, what were all the diamonds in the world compared to the life of her child? "Come back!—come back!" she cried, hastening after him. But Rockhurst only quickened his steps. And murmuring "God bless you! Heaven will reward you!" she stood and watched him out of sight.

But he never reached Graaf Reynet. The fatal sickness, caught from little Lisbeth Grant, was already insidiously at work within him, and the hand of Death was even then upon him. After two or three days' weary plodding, his strength gave out, and he laid himself down upon the veldt to die. It was here that David Grant found him, and took him back in a wagon to his farm. It was Maggie Grant who spoke the soothing words of comfort that sank into the dying man's heart like the welcome rain into the parched veldt; and it was David Grant's hands that closed the glazed eyes when the Angel of Death had borne away the erring soul.

THE BOERS.—A Dutchman and an Englishman in South Africa are two very different people. A Boer will live, even after he is comparatively rich, in a house of which the floor is the hard trodden earth, and surrounded with scarcely any of the comforts which the most remote English settler would consider essential to his existence. Yet the Dutchman is perfectly content, while the Englishman is full of complaints of the country, the government, his neighbors, the climate, the soil, and indeed of everything and everybody save his own disposition and himself. The Englishman is a social personage; he likes society and the gossip of his own race. The Boer cares for no one's smoke in sight of his chimney, and like the Western American settler who moved when a second stranger had been seen near his cabin, "that fust" would almost resent anyone taking up a farm in his close vicinity. His pastoral tastes require much land for their development, and nothing troubles him so much as the fear that in time he may find his cattle and sheep too many for the grass which he has to offer them. Hence a Dutchman sees little forbidding in the country north of the Orange River, though to a stranger, even to the least alluring portion of the Cape, the Orange River and Transvaal are extremely depressing.

A Despot's Diversion.

BY J. B.

SOMETHING had gone wrong with Ivan Basilowitz, one sultry morning of the brief but burning Russian summer. Repletion may have had something to do with the heavy, buffalo-like glare of his eyes, as he lounged moodily upon a carved and gilded couch, tossing his limbs into grotesque knots, after the fashion of those pliable acrobats who pack themselves into hampers or violoncello cases. Ivan was a gross feeder. He rather favored Cossack style of cookery; nor, if we are to believe the private reminiscences of some of his contemporaries, were the strong preparations of the Kalmuck epicures altogether excluded from his table. His breakfasts were heterogeneous, if not wholesome. Lobster, boiled in a peculiar and very highly-flavored oil, was his favorite dish. Several kinds of hot bread, caviare, sausages, and pickled shell-fish, formed the staple of his morning repasts; and when we add that all these were washed down with large draughts of sour milk strongly impregnated with arrack, it will be readily believed that the mind of Ivan was occasionally affected by the horrors of dyspepsia. On that account Ivan required amusements of a stimulating kind, to prevent him from falling into a state of lethargy that might have been prejudical to his health.

Ivan had just breakfasted, and raising himself on one elbow, and ringing violently the silver bell that stood upon a purple velvet cushion near his right hand, he sat up and glared about him like a roused hyena. In the corner close by his couch there was a rack, containing various weapons, of curious form and rare workmanship. From this rack he drew his favorite instrument, which was a long and heavy staff of lignum vitæ, mounted with silver, and provided with a short, sharp spike at the thick end. With this blade he had a sportive way of pricking his attendants, to whom the hateful club was known as "Devilspike."

"What prisoners are in from Livonia this morning?" asked Ivan, wounding slightly with Devilspike the knee of the wretched aide-de-camp in waiting who came to his summons.

"May it please your imperial majesty," he replied, "a detachment arrived last night with twelve officers of rank in irons: eight of them are Livonians; the other four are captains of the Finland army."

"Good!" grunted Ivan, with a boorish toss of his head. "The physicians tell me that violent exercise is indispensable to my health. Tell the captain of the guard to man the foot-plank and make all ready for a walk-in."

The "foot-plank" was a sort of gangway rigged out from the jetty in the rear of the main guard-house, in such a way as to project over the water at a downward slope. What a "walk-in" meant we shall presently see.

The path leading from the guard-house to the river was lined by a row of soldiers on each side, the files extending down to the hand-rail of the walking-plank. So deep was the silence, that the word "attention!" given by the officer in command, broke upon the ear like the burst of a shell. Then a band of huge brass horns, stationed in the yard, boomed out on the calm Summer air with the solemn strains of a funeral march, and the twelve prisoners were marched out from the cell attached to the guard-house, bare-headed, and with their arms pinioned behind. Each of them had a four-pound cannon ball swathed upon his chest with strong bandages of canvas, and they were drawn up in single file, at the head of the avenue formed by the troops.

Now Ivan appeared upon the scene, poising Devilspike lightly between finger and thumb, as he approached the prisoners.

"By my faith, a brave looking lot!" he exclaimed, as he walked along the rank of the condemned twelve, poking in his redoubtable baton here and there, and sometimes bringing it down on the head of a victim with affected playfulness, but still with force enough to leave its mark.

Scowls of hate and defiance flashed upon him from the eyes of the prisoners, who were all men in the very prime and pride of life. To his taunts and questions this was the only reply made by them; not a word fell from their lips.

"Tell them off from the right, one by one," said Ivan, addressing the commanding officer.

Number 1, a handsome, well-built Livonian, was jerked from the rank by a file of soldiers, and ordered to walk down the path leading to the water. As he neared the gangway, Ivan burst upon him from behind the guards, and, having driven the spike of his baton two or three times into the back of his victim, struck him a crashing blow with it upon the temple, as he instinctively turned upon his assailant. The stunned soldier fell heavily upon the plank, which was instantly lowered by turning a crank, and the body went down into the deep water, with a muffled splash.

"There's nothing like keeping one's hand in!" cried Ivan, gaily, as he examined the knob of Devilspike, to see how it stood its work. "Bring on the next!"

Several of the victims that were now marched down to the fatal plank made such resistance as they could in the shackled condition, so that the soldiers had to drag them by main force down to the gangway. But Ivan always had his blow at them, dead or alive, before they slid into the water. The exercise was necessary for his constitution.

The last of victims was now turned into the pathway of death. He was a tall, athletic young Swede, a prisoner from the army of Finland. As he neared the plank, and before the iron spike of Ivan was brought to bear upon him, he faced suddenly round, and, bursting his bonds with a tremendous effort, struck the tyrant to the earth with a powerful blow upon the face, exclaiming—"Monster! take that for the outraged wives and daughters of Finland!" then, springing upon the gangway before the guards could lay hands upon him, he plunged into the bubbling waters, and disappeared.

This was merely one of the lighter morning pastimes with which Ivan Basilowitz used to beguile his dyspeptic moods. When symptoms of disaffection appeared among the inhabitants of Novogorod, his dealing with them was on a scale of greater magnitude and splendor, no less than three thousand of the citizens of that place having been driven into the Volga by his myrmidons in one day.

The archbishop of Novogorod, spared by the great clemency of Ivan, wished to show his gratitude to that monarch by giving him a splendid banquet at the episcopal palace. While the guests were yet enjoying themselves, Ivan sent word to his soldiers to pillage the rich cathedral of St. Sophia and the other Churches of the place; then, on word being brought to him that his commands had been obeyed, he turned to the prelate.

"Eat, drink, and make the most of the good things before you," he said; "for to-morrow, priest, shall dawn upon you a beggar. What is a bishop without a cathedral but a beggar! and yours is but an empty shell to-night. Off with your robes, then, and prepare to embrace the new and very respectable profession I am about to induct you into."

The profession to which Ivan so gaily alluded was that of a bear-leader. A set of bagpipes was provided for the fallen archbishop, on which instrument he was forced to practise daily until he had become a proficient in some of the fashionable bear-music of the day. A bear from the imperial gardens was then selected for his traveling companion, and he was sent to wander through the country, during the pleasure of the lively monarch, whose minions had orders to levy a tithe upon the profits of the show, for the benefit of the imperial purse.

There was no limit to the avarice of Ivan Basilowitz. He would make long journeys, from time to time, through his empire, on which occasions it was understood that rich and poor were expected to throng to his feet with offerings of such presents as they could afford to give him; and his proceedings with regard to these revenues were characterised by a certain grim humor.

On one of his journeys a poor shoemaker presented him with a pair of shoes, adding, also a gift from his garden, in the shape of a turnip of remarkable size. Ivan, who happened to be in a sweet temper that morning, ordered his people to elevate the poor cordwainer to the dignity of court shoemaker, and to deal with him at double prices for his work, on pain of death. Hearing of the bounteous act, a wealthy resident of the neighborhood thought that he, too, might profit by a judicious gift to the imperial visitor, to whom, accordingly, he brought a valuable horse. Ivan received the gift graciously, conversed affably with the donor, and on dismissing him presented him with the shoemaker's gigantic turnip, in exchange for his noble steed.

Accordingly, as years advanced upon Ivan Basilowitz, his ferocity appeared to diminish; at least so we are told by one of his biographers, who has preserved some very curious instances of the improved imperial disposition. He became very mild in his dealings with the poorer class of his subjects, and instead of trying the point of Devilspike upon his attendants, confined himself to sticking it into the legs of the haughtiest nobles of his realm, whenever they approached him. It is said that he often formed his opinion of a man's character from the fortitude with which he bore this ordeal.

These eccentricities of Ivan caused a good deal of amusement among the foreign residents in Russia at the time, but it was generally considered judicious by them to be reticent on the subject, and to confine their remarks to the most confidential and trustworthy circles. Certain Englishmen, however, whose sense of humor overcame their discretion, violated this conventional decorum with regard to things imperial. They were seized by order of Ivan, who caused them to be turned naked into a room, upon the floor of which several bushels of peas were strewed, which they were ordered to pick up, one by one, and deposit in baskets. When they were thoroughly exhausted by this uninteresting exercise, he caused refreshments to be given to them, and dismissed them with a fatherly admonition to be less funny in future.

At length the crimes of Ivan brought their terrible retribution with them. Overwhelmed with doubts and fears, he ultimately assumed the monkish cowl, and hid himself in a cloister, where he died hopelessly, and in a paroxysm of terrible despair.

Such was the end of Ivan Basilowitz the Tyrant, Emperor of Russia, who conquered the cold and dreary realm of Siberia, and added it to his dominions for a prison.

The Forged Cheque.

BY T. M.

THE rays of the morning sun had been beating for nearly an hour on the heavy curtains that guarded the windows of the card-room of the Pantheon Club.

Suddenly Jacques, the waiter, who was on duty in the card-room that night, threw back the curtains, and a flood of golden sunshine poured into the room.

Four young men looked up from the card-table. Their dishevelled hair and flushed faces showed ghastly in the summer sunlight.

"Confound you!" cried one of the players, scowling at Jacques.

"Quite righ'. Time t' shtop!" said another, with tipsy gravity.

The third, whose name was Cumberbatch, called for pen and ink, and proceeded to write a cheque for the amount of his losses.

The fourth, a Frenchman named De Marceau, but lately introduced to the club, looked on with evident interest. It was he who was to receive the money. The young man's hand trembled slightly. It was a good deal for a man to pay as the price of an evening's amusement—£1,600

"What is your Christian name, Count?" asked Cumberbatch, passing with the pen in his hand.

"Edouard," said the other, softly; "Edouard Jules de Marceau."

"Otherwise the Comte de Marceau," said one of the others.

De Marceau smiled. He did not notice that Jacques, who at that moment was removing some glasses, looked at him intently for an instant.

"You will give me my revenge to-morrow night?" asked Cumberbatch, as he handed over the cheque.

"Most willingly," said the Count, smiling as he spoke.

* * * * * *

Next morning a waiter knocked at the door of the Count's bedroom at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and handed him a card bearing the name "George D. Cumberbatch."

The Count had not yet risen.

"Ask him to wait, and I'll be down in half an hour," he said.

"Cumberbatch—that's the man I won from last going to ask me not to present his cheque for a few days. Looks rather like it, though. I thought he looked rather shaky as he signed it last night."

With these unpleasant prognostications in his mind, the Count hurried over his toilet and went downstairs. Calling up, however, a frank and cheerful smile as he opened the door of his sitting-room, he held out his hand to welcome his visitor.

But his hand dropped, his smile vanished. This was not the man he expected to see. This was a portly, rubicund, white-whiskered, bald-headed Englishman.

The Count knit his brows.

"I expected to see Mr. Cumberbatch," he said.

"I am Mr. Cumberbatch," said the Englishman—"the father of the unhappy boy you met last night."

The Comte de Marceau was all politeness, but he felt uneasy. Mr. Cumberbatch would not take the chair the Count pressed him to take. He remained standing.

"I have been told, sir," he said, abruptly, ignoring the Count's title, "that you won a large sum of money from my son last night—as much as sixteen hundred pounds, I believe."

"And what of that, sir? He had an equal chance of winning. It might have been I who lost the money. I was at his club—not he at mine."

The Count spoke rapidly—more warmly, perhaps, than the circumstances demanded. Mr. Cumberbatch, with a wave of his hand, declined to discuss the subject.

"I am aware, sir," he said, "of the circumstances under which the money was lost. But that is not my errand here. You were paid, I believe, by a cheque for sixteen hundred pounds?" "I was."

"On the London and Provincial Bank?"

"I believe so. Let me see—yes," said the Count, as he drew the cheque from his pocket-book.

"I will cash the cheque, sir, if you have no objection. Or, rather, I will give you one of my own in exchange."

The Count stared.

"You mean——?"

"Never mind what I mean," said the Englishman, turning away to hide his emotion.

The Frenchman smiled, and calmly replaced the slip of paper in his pocket-book.

"Thank you, I would rather keep it for the present, I believe.

"But don't you understand? It is worthless," cried Mr. Cumberbatch, turning sharply round.

"Why so? Your son is a rich man."

"No, indeed; he is indebted to me for every penny he spends. He has no account at the London and Provincial. That is my name—'George D. Cumberbatch.' My son always signs himself 'Geo. Cumberbatch.' 'D' is no part of his name at all."

"The cheque is a forged one, then?" said the Frenchman.

The Englishman was silent.

"It is worthless to you," he said at last. "I will give you one of my own in exchange for it."

"For how much?"

"Sixteen hundred, of course. I suppose my poor foolish son lost the money."

"It must be more than that," said the Count, with an unpleasant smile.

Mr. Cumberbatch opened his eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that I think Mr. George Cumberbatch, or his friends, would pay a good deal more than that, rather than have this bit of paper put into the hands of a lawyer."

Mr. Cumberbatch appeared to be dumb with indignation.

"You scoundrel!" he ejaculated at last.

The Frenchman only smiled again.

"Make it three thousand," he said, gently.

"I won't. Do your worst! You sha'n't levy blackmail on me!" and he began walking up and down the room.

The Count turned to his breakfast with an appetite, and left his guest to take care of himself.

"I'll give you two thousand," said the Englishman, gruffly.

The Count shook his head.

"I am really very lenient," he said, placidly; "many would have asked a good deal more."

After some further resistance, Mr. Cumberbatch consented to close with the Count's offer. He sat down at a side table, pulled out his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for £3,000.

"I must ask you to endorse this," he said, as he took the other cheque from the Frenchman's finger's. "I mean to keep it hanging over my son's head for some time to come. "No! I see it is payable to bearer; it is not necessary." And the Englishman walked off, without deigning to bid the Count "Good morning."

"Barbarous islanders!" muttered the Frenchman to himself, as he resumed his breakfast.

Soon afterwards, he set out for Goodwood, taking the precaution, however, of leaving Mr. Cumberbatch's cheque in a sealed envelope with the manager, since,

the cheque being crossed, he could not cash it before leaving town.

* * * * * *

When he returned to the town in the evening, De Marceau thought he would go and dine at the Pantheon Club. "It will be amusing," he said to himself, "to see how the young scamp will demean himself. He will never expect to see me there, for I daresay the old gentleman has given it to him pretty hotly by this time, and told him I laid on an additional fourteen hundred. 'Pon my soul? I let that old boy off far too easily; but I always had a weakness for a father with an erring son."

Thus soliloquizing, the Count entered the Pantheon dining-room. He had hardly shown himself, when young Cumberbatch called out to him from one of the tables.

"Hallo!" he said, "going to give me revenge to night, I hope?"

"Doesn't the young rascal carry it off well? Evidently he has not seen his father," thought the Frenchman to himself, as he muttered some reply.

During his dinner, he debated with himself whether, if fortune should favor him, he should become the possessor of another forged cheque. He thought he could if he chose. Reluctantly, however, he came to the conclusion that it was too risky. The first he had taken innocently; the second he would take knowing it to be forged.

They sat down to play soon after ten, and when they rose at three next morning, young Cumberbatch found he owed the Count fifty pounds.

As on the preceding night, he rang for writing materials. The bell was answered not by Jacques, but by one of the other waiters.

"Haven't you the money about you?" said the Count, in a wonderfully good English accent when the man left the room.

"No," returned Cumberbatch, shortly. He was annoyed, probably at the Frenchman's good fortune.

"I'd rather have it in cash. The truth is, I don't much fancy your cheques, my dear fellow."

Cumberbatch only stared at the Frenchman, while two or three of the men, who were lighting fresh cigars, paused and looked in some astonishment.

"No," continued the Count, with an insolent smile, "I've had an interview with —you understand?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the young man, turning white in spite of himself.

"Oh, nothing," rejoined the Count. "Only I saw your father this morning."

"By Jove! then you have the advantage of most of us,' cried Cumberbatch, recovering himself. "My poor father's been dead these five years."

"Your father—dead! Why, he called on me, and——"

But the Count stopped in time. How was he to show the cheque he had received, and account for the strange addition of fourteen hundred pounds?

"Your father—no—a strange mistake of mine—another man altogether. Very happy to take your cheque, I'm sure, Monsieur Cumberbatch."

But the young man was annoyed at the Frenchman's behavior. He borrowed the money from the club manager, and handed it to the Count, who received it with a subdued expression very unusual with him.

"By the way, Murray, what has become of that fellow Jacques?" asked one of the men, speaking to the manager.

"Jacques Ponseau? He asked for a holiday early this morning."

The Frenchman started violently.

"Ponseau!" he exclaimed to himself. "I might have known the rascal. It was he, then, who put up that vagabond to rob me!"

It was not until he was in the street that the unhappy Frenchman gave way to his rage. He had the cheque for three thousand pounds presented for payment; but, of course, it was returned, marked "No account."

Jacques Ponseau took a long holiday. He never returned to his duties at the Pantheon Club.

TIT FOR TAT.—Mr. Wood B. Phunny is amusing the company generally at the expense of one of their number. He calls the little daughter of a guest to him and commences thus—

"Can you spell needle, Rosie?"

"Yes," said the little one—"n-e-e-d-l-e."

"Wrong," said the questioner. "You should spell it thus—n-e-i-d-l e."

"I beg your pardon," corrected Rosie, "I don't think there's an 'i' in it."

"Did you ever see one without?" inquired the humorist, amid the laughter of the guests.

There was silence for a moment, and then Rosie returned to the attack with—

"Can you spell pin?"

"P' i-n," answered Mr. W. B. P.

"Wrong!" laughed Rosie. "If there was an 'i' in it would, you see, be a needle!"

Old Cassam's Slippers.

BY W. G. C.

THERE formly lived at Bagdad an old shop keeper, Abou Cassam by name, much celebrated for his avarice. Though he was exceedingly rich, his clothes were composed of shreds and patches; his turban, of coarsest linen, was so dirty and greasy, that its original color could no longer be distinguished; but of all his wardrobe (the whole of which he carried on him) his slippers merited the particular attention of the curious. The soles were ornamented with immense hob-nails, and the uppers were apparently nothing but patches. The far-famed ship Argo itself was not composed of as many pieces; and, during the ten years that they had been slippers, the most skilful cobblers of the country had exhausted all the ingenuity of their art in collecting and drawing together the remnants. They had even become so weighty, as to be a proverb; and when his townsmen wished to speak of anything as peculiarly burthensome, the slippers of Cassam were always the objects of comparison.

One day as the merchant was walking in the grand bazaar of the city, some one offered to sell him a considerable quantity of crystal; he quickly concluded the bargain, as it was a very advantageous one. Having learned some days after, that a ruined perfumer was compelled, as a last resource, to sell a quantity of the finest rose water, the merchant profited by the misfortune of this poor man, and purchased the rose-water at less than half its value. This good fortune put him in excellent humor; in place of giving a great feast, as was the custom of the Eastern merchants when they made a good bargain, he thought it more expedient to venture the expense of going to the bath, where he had not been for a long time.

As he was taking off his garments, one of his friends, or at least a person whom he took to be such (for misers very rarely have friends), told him that his slippers made him the laughing-stock of the whole city, and that he ought to purchase others.

"I have been thinking of that for a long time," replied Cassam; "but these are not so much worn out but that I can wear them for some time yet."

During this conversation he had entered the bath-room. While he was bathing, the Cadi of Bagdad came in also. Cassam, having finished before the judge, passed into the outer room; he then dressed, but sought in vain for his slippers; but in the place of them, he found a beautiful new pair. The miser persuaded himself—because he wished it—that he who had spoken so well, had left them as a present; he therefore put them on, and left the bath in very good spirits, because he had been saved the mortification of purchasing a pair of slippers.

When the cadi had finished bathing, his slaves hunted everywhere for his slippers, but they found none but a old pair of leather ones, which were discovered to be those of Cassam. The eunuchs pursued the supposed thief, and brought him back, accused of theft. The cadi, after having again changed slippers, sent him to prison. Money was necessary to get out of the claws of justice, and as Cassam was reputed to be at least as rich as he was avaricious, they did not let him escape without paying a pretty large sum.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassam, in spite, threw his slippers into the Tigris, which flowed under his windows. A few days after, some fishermen, drawing a net more heavy than usual, found in it the slippers of Cassam. The nails, with which they were covered, had broken the meshes of the net. The fishermen, angry both at Cassam and the slippers, took it into their heads to throw them into his house, through the windows which he had left open. The slippers, being thrown with some force, struck the vials which were in the window, and knocked them down; the bottles were broken, and all the fine rose-water was lost. Imagine to yourself, if you can, the grief of Cassam at these accumulated disasters.

"Cursed slippers!" cried he, tearing his beard, "you have caused me great losses." He sighed, and taking a shovel, made a hole in his garden to bury his ruined, though still beloved, shoes.

One of his neighbors, who for a long time had a spite against him, saw him replacing the earth; he immediately ran to tell the governor that Cassam had dug up a treasure in his garden: he only wished to excite the cupidity of the commander. It was useless for the miser to say that he had not found a treasure, and that he had only buried his old shoes: the governor had calculated on getting the money, and poor Cassam was not set at liberty until he had paid another large sum.

The miser was desperate, and wishing his slippers to the deuce with all his heart, went to throw them into the aqueduct some distance from the city. He believed for once that he would hear nothing more of his slippers; but the deuce, who was not yet tired of playing tricks, very justly directed the slippers to the small opening of the aqueduct, and they stopped the flow of water. The overseers of the fountain hastened to repair the damage: they found, and carried to the governor, the old shoes of Cassam, declaring that they had done all the mischief. The unfortunate master of the slippers was sent to prison, and condemned to pay a fine far heavier than those he had already paid. The governor who had punished the crime, pretending to be very liberal, returned the precious slippers to the owner. Cassam, in order to prevent any further evils that they might cause, determined to burn them; and as they were perfectly soaked with water, he placed them in the sun on the terrace of his house.

But fortune had not yet exhausted all her arrows against him, and the last which she had reserved for him was more cruel than all the rest. A dog belonging to one of the neighbors, perceived the slippers, and jumped from the terrace of his master to that of the miser; he took one of the slippers in his mouth, and while playing with it, let it fall into the street. This unlucky old shoe fell directly on the head of a lady who was passing at the moment. The violence of the blow occasioned a long and very dangerous illness. The lady's husband complained to the cadi, and Cassam was condemned to pay a fine proportionate to the magnitude of the injury of which he was the cause.

He returned home, and taking his unfortunate slippers in his hands, hastened to the cadi.

"Seigneur," said he to the cadi, with so dolorous a visage that the judge could not restrain his laughter, "here are the fatal instruments of all my troubles. These cursed slippers have at length reduced me to poverty; condescend to have them arrested, in order that the misfortunes which they will otherwise undoubtedly occasion, may not be imputed to me."

The cadi could not refuse his request; and Cassam learned, to his cost, the great danger of not frequently changing his slippers.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Railways are comparatively few in Norway, owing to the cost of construction in a mountainous country, and to the disinclination of the people to speculative enterprise. The highways, however, are excellent, and one may "travel post" almost anywhere in a public carriage or just chaise. The post stations are seven miles apart, and the traveler changes vehicles at each station.

The Princess of Wales has a remarkable collection of hats and bonnets, consisting of all those she has worn during the thirty years she has led London fashion. Each hat or bonnet, carefully put away, bears the date of the season of its use; and a history of the whims, vagaries and changes of feminine fashion, which are never so capricious as in matters of headgear, might well be written upon this interesting collection.

Of late years the rigors of perfunctory mourning have been greatly modified. There is little heard nowadays of how long people should stay away from the theatre after the death of a relative, or at exactly what period it is again proper to dine with 'a few friends.' Even a widow need no longer count the threads of white in her collar and handkerchief in mortal terror lest there should be one too many. On the whole, the tendency is a sensible one, which, in the nature of things, can hardly go too far. People suffering real bereavement are not likely to be guilty of undue levity, while no sort of hypocrisy is more hideous than an affectation of sorrow.

It gives an impressive idea of what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that, on emerging from the river the new City and Waterloo line will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, run for a part of the way under the low level main sewer, which, in its turn, runs along beneath the district underground railway. So that at this point in the city we shall have, first, a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of about 63 feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of 80 feet.

"Fair-play men" was the title given to a part of Lycoming county, Pa., now densely populated and dotted with prosperous towns and cities. The proprietary government, with a view to protecting the Indians from intrusion, had forbidden the survey and settlement of the region, but some hard-treated and hard-handed Scotch-Irish pioneers found their way into the forbidden territory, and, being outside the immediate jurisdiction of any properly constituted tribunal, they chose three of their number to settle disputes, and called them fair-play men. The decisions of this tribunal, especially as to boundaries, were enforced by the whole community, and came in time even to be respected by the Courts. When a Chief Justice of Pennsylvania asked one of the first pioneers what were the features of the fair-play code, the pioneer is reported to have answered that since his Honor's Court had found its way into the region fair play had fled and law had taken its place.

A fire engine was recently the means of putting a sudden stop to a duel in Germany. Two physicians quarrelled and arranged for a meeting with pistols. The village chief magistrate heard of the proposed duel. He informed the firemen, and together, drawing a machine, they proceeded to the place where the encounter was to take place. Just as the seconds had stepped off the distance a heavy stream of water struck one of the physicians. A moment later the second doctor was drenched to the skin also. The would-be fighters, in their dripping clothes, looked so ridiculous that they both burst out laughing, shook hands and returned to their homes, thanking the Mayor for his intervention.

In China no feature of society is more curious than the relation between master and servant. If the servant be of the military class he is admitted to the intimate society of his master, but never assumes a liberty. At dinner, having taken his place with the utmost humility, he takes part in the conversation, addressing freely not only his master, but also guests of the highest rank. To one unacquainted with the customs of Chinese society the master and servant would appear to be upon perfectly equal terms. As soon as the meal is over, however, the servant retires with most profound obeisance and deference, and in no way will he venture to use his peculiar privilege until the proper occasion permits.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samanths at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Cranes, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

HIS LAST FIGHT.

BY J. F. B.

ICE and snow, ice and snow! It was up in the cold Arctic regions, where the sun has power, where the great icebergs lift their glittering peaks to the sky, and where only the seals, the bears, and such-like chilly creatures enjoy themselves. Even the hardy little Eskimo shivered and huddled themselves up in their furs, and made their huts almost as hot inside as it was cold outside.

An old Eskimo grandmother, who sat in a corner of the hut all day long and never went out at all, said it was the hardest winter she had ever known. But, as she always said that every time the door opened and a breath of frosty air came in, no one paid any attention to her.

It was up in this ice-bound region that Grimgribber lived, with his wife Whitepaw, and their two little children, Furry and Foxy. They did not mind the cold, not they; it was just the sort of weather that suited them, for they were Polar bears, and dressed in fur coats of such thickness that not even the icy cold water could penetrate them.

Papa Grimgribber was a great powerful fellow; fierce, active, and afraid of nothing. He had had more than one tussle with the Eskimo, for when food was scarce he came inland and prowled around the huts. Twice he had carried off a dog; and another time he pounced upon a boy, and would have taken him too if the whole tribe had not rushed to the rescue with clubs and axes.

Sometimes it was very difficult to find food enough for himself and his family; they lived upon fish, with an occasional seal or walrus. Once—and it was a feast Furry and Foxy never forgot—they had a baby-whale for dinner. That was something to talk about for weeks afterwards; and when one day a faint peculiar scent came tickling their noses, the cubs gave a wild jump into the air.

"Whale, mother—whale!" they cried.

Whitepaw raised her head and gave a long sniff.

"I know that scent," she said; "there must be a ship somewhere about, and the crew are boiling down a whale to extract the oil. That's what they come up here for—to catch our whales, the rascals."

"Mother, mother, we are so hungry; we haven't had anything to eat to-day," cried Foxy.

"You must wait until your father comes home," said Whitepaw; "have patience."

Grimgribber came back empty-pawed, except for a couple of fish hardly worth a bite. When he smelt the whale-oil he gave a long low growl, and sat up on his hind legs.

"We are so hungry, daddy," sighed little Furry, nestling against him; "we want some whale."

Grimgribber sniffed in each direction with his long pointed nose. "The ship must be over there," he cried, pointing with his paw; "probably it is miles away, for the scent of the oil is not strong. The men will have guns and clubs."

"O daddy, never mind those; you could easily beat them off with your paws," cried the cubs, who had never seen a gun.

Whitepaw looked at her mate sadly. "We are starving," she said; "of two evils choose the least. Let us go towards the ship."

Grimgribber, without saying a word, slipped down from the iceberg into the water and began swimming. His wife and the two cubs followed him; and so, walking and swimming, they traversed several miles.

The appetizing scent of boiled whale became stronger every minute, and Foxy and Furry, tired as they were, eagerly pressed on. Suddenly a shout arose: the bears had been spied by half a dozen men in a boat—men so wrapped up in skins and furs that their faces were scarcely visible. They were part of the crew of a whaling vessel stuck fast between great blocks of ice, and had been sent out to discover, if possible, a passage for it to sail through.

The men looked at each other in some dismay. They would have been glad enough of fresh bears' meat; but supposing the game went the other way, and they became meat for the bears!

On came Grimgribber; and Whitepaw followed him at a little distance, with a cub on each side of her.

One of the sailors, as the great Polar bear sprang, light as a cat, from one piece of ice to another, raised his gun and fired at him. The shot wounded him slightly. Grimgribber, with a growl of mingled rage and pain, leaped into the water and swam towards the boat. Whitepaw rushed after him, but paused at the thought of her helpless cubs.

In the meantime another sailor had fired at Grimgribber, but the shot missed him; the bear, close beside the boat now, gave a spring, clutched one of the men with his terrible teeth, and the two rolled back into the water together.

There was a scream from the unfortunate sailor; and his mates, horror-struck, pushed the boat after the bear. One of them, standing up, dealt him a blow on the head with an ice axe, which stunned him for the moment.

"Here's the other; look out!" yelled a sailor, and stood up to receive Whitepaw, who came swimming out to help her mate. The men were in great danger; their only chance lay in keeping the bears out of the boat with their axes and the butt-end of their guns.

Suddenly a couple of shots resounded; Grimgribber, who was clinging to a ledge of ice, sprang into the air, and then fell down dead. As he did so Whitepaw, with a howl, swam back to her cubs, and they quickly disappeared.

A relief-party from the ship, returning across the ice, had arrived just in time to save the boat's crew; and a grand feast they had that night, when portions of Grimgribber adorned the festive board. His skin and head were preserved and taken home, for they belonged to one of the largest Polar bears that had ever prowled about that region of ice and snow.

WHAT THE ROMANS EAT.

THE sow's udder was one of those Roman "dainties" which the modern "chef de cuisine" deliberately ignores. In his invitations to his friends, Martial frequently puts it forward as an attractive feature, and it is "favorably mentioned" by nearly all the Latin poets from Plautus downwards. In Trimalchio's feast it figures "vis-a-vis" to a hare whose "wings"—or shoulders, "alæ"—have been trimmed a la Pegasus; in Smollett's it is served up stuffed.

According to Pliny, it was in the best condition when cut off within twenty-four hours of the animal's farrowing, and before she had suckled her young. It was improved in flavor, said the epicures, by being steeped in the salt liquor of a tunny fish. I am here reminded that "a sow's pap" is one of the gastronomic luxuries enumerated by Sir Epicure Mammon, in Ben Jonson's "Alchymist," when indulging himself in a vision of the pleasures which the discovery of the philosopher's stone will bring within his reach.

It would obviously be absurd for the author of a "classical romance," intended to reproduce the manners and customs of the ancients, to pass unnoticed so important a function as the Roman dinner.

Lord Lytton, in his "Last Days of Pompeii," has revived the Roman "cœna" with a good deal of vivid coloring and picturesque detail. At the ample banquet given by Glaucus wild boars were provided; also oysters from Brundusium; an Ambracian kid; and a course of fruits, pistachio nuts, sweetmeats, tarts, and confectionery "tortured into a thousand fantastic and airy shapes."

I have omitted to notice the "preparative initia"—delicious figs, fresh herbs strewn with snow, anchovies, and egg. The wines of which Glaucus and his friends partook were Chian, fifty years of age, and Lesbian, which was comparatively new, but had been matured by being put to the fire.

This was the kind of dinner given by a young Roman patrician. It will be interesting to compare it with the menu of a dinner given at any first-class hotel or restaurant.

On the whole, I should give the palm for picturesqueness to the Pompeian dinner. There is nothing in the modern to match with "the wild boar" and "the Ambracian kid."

One of the best attempts—perhaps it is the best—made by modern writers to reproduce the ancient "cœna," is that of Professor Bekker, in his "Gallus: or Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus." Of course, he closely follows that "cœna Trimalchiana" of Petronius, to which I have so often referred; but he makes it pleasantly intelligible to that exacting individual, the general reader. The book is easily accessible, but it will be convenient, perhaps, to transcribe a few passages from the description of the "cœna."

Well, then, let us imagine the dining-hall suitably decorated; the nine guests—the number of the Muses, and a favorite number with the Roman dinner-giver—seated on their "lecti," or cushioned couches, with an air of pleased expectancy on their dignified countenances, having previously performed their ablutions and removed their sandals.

A couple of slaves enter, and deposit on the table the dishes of the first course. Observe in the centre an ass of bronze, loaded with silver panniers, which are filled with white olives and black, and astride of it a jolly Silenus, from whose wine skin flows a delicious "garum."

By the way, Lord Lytton, in "The Last Days of Pompeii," places in the middle of the table of Glaucus a "beautiful image of Bacchus."

Close by the Silenus, rarely-dressed sausages smoke upon silver gridirons, beneath which are mimic pies, made up with black Syrian plums and scarlet pomegranate seed.

Silver dishes stand all about, containing asparagus, lettuce, radishes, and other garden products, in addition to "lacerta," flavored with both mint and rue, the Byzantine "muria," and cooked snails and lobsters. The guests fall to, for a while there is silence, and meanwhile the noiseless slaves glide round with the "mulsum," a mixture of Hymettian honey and Falernian wine, in golden goblets.

A second and smaller tray now makes its appearance. Here, in an elegant basket, sits a skilfully-carved woolen hen, with wings outspread, as if she were brooding. From underneath it the slaves take out a quantity of eggs, whereof they distribute to the guests, together with a silver "cochleare" or spoon, which is used for breaking them.

On examination, each egg is found to be made of dough, and to enclose a plump "beccafico," or fig-pecker, seasoned with pepper. As soon as these are disposed of, enter a procession of boys, wearing green garlands, and carrying well gypsumed amphoræ, brimful of sparkling Falernian, nearly a century old.

After the guests have drunk, and disposed of these "preparative initia," the first course of the "cœna" proper is served, and each man may make his appetite as he will—tempted by ring ovee and fieldfares, capons and ducks, mullet and turbot—or by the fatted hare in the middle, which the cook, with the help of artificial wings, has converted into the highly popular device of a Pegasus.

The second course is heralded by a flourish of horns; it consists of a huge boar, surrounded by eight sucking-pigs—or rather their skilfully-wrought effigies in paste,—and with tiny baskets, woven of palm-twigs and filled with Syrian and Theban dates, hanging from its tusks. The boar is pronounced to be a real Umbrian; but before the guests have made much way into it, the slaves appear with a fresh "ferculum," in which smokes a great fat sow, cooked like unto its Umbrian congener.

Lentulus, the host, pretends that the cook has forgotten to disembowel the animal, summons him into the presence, and rates him soundly; whereupon the cook flourishes his knife, makes two dexterous incisions in its belly, and lo! a quantity of all kinds of little sausages tumble out. This pantomimic trick, which was not uncommon at great Roman banquets, is received with immense applause.

In due time the slaves remove both boar and sow, and dishes of peacocks, pheasants, livers of fat geese, and rare fish are presented.

Then the debris of the feast are cleared away, and the slaves strew the floor with fresh sawdust, which has been soaked with minium and sweet-savored saffron.

Then everybody settles down to the dessert and discussion, the latter dealing chiefly with light themes of art, literature, and the former comprising ingenuities in pastry, artificial mussels, fieldfares stuffed with almonds and raisins, melons cut into various shapes, and savory quinces.

At last, having dined well if not wisely, the guests adjourn to the baths or colonnades, and afterwards reassemble for a symposium and drinking bout, to which it will be unnecessary for us to follow them.

DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.—A French vegetarian society, like ancient Gaul, has become divided into three parts. One wing calls itself cerealite, to indicate that it believes only in eating cereals; another will be known as fruitarian, because it thinks fruit the only proper food; and another has been dubbed tuberite, because it believes in eating roots. Each wing thinks that the happiness and stability of the human race depend on the adoption of its views.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The rice crop of Japan is 5,000,000 tons.

Cucumbers were originally tropical vegetables.

A good-sized whale yields about one ton of whalebone.

Beeswax and turpentine mixed make a good floor polish.

Russian farmers hold an average of 27 acres to each family.

Uruguay and Republic Argentine are the nations richest in horses.

The carpets annually manufactured in Philadelphia are worth over $50,000,000.

Business worries are said to be the cause of 12 per cent. of the cases of insanity

Of the bodies cremated in New York State last year 50 per cent. were those of Germans.

The annual consumption of wine in France averages twenty-three gallons for each person

Eight thousand tons of gold have been mined throughout the world during the present century.

The old churchyards in the City of London contain, it is estimated, over 30,000 tons of human remains.

A burglar in New York was detected through his hat falling from his head and striking a passing policeman.

The Commissioners of Sewers have in the past 42 years expended a sum of £4,354,423 in improvements in the City of London.

It is reported that a Honesdale man was struck by lightning twice recently during a thunderstorm, and survived both shocks.

Portrait painting in England received its first strong impulse from Henry VIII., who invited Holbein and Titian to England.

Malta has a language of its own, derived from the Carthaginian and Arabian tongues. The nobility of the island speak Italian

With the exception of Belgium, whose debt has been incurred for internal improvements, every European national debt is mainly a war debt.

A Lexington, Ky., girl recently died from grief over the amputation of her arm, which was rendered necessary through the result of an accident.

Single eye-glasses are prohibited in the German army. Even if a soldier has one good eye, yet needs glasses, he must perforce cover both eyes with them.

Teachers in Germany a hundred years ago were so poorly paid that some used to go about singing in front of the houses, in the evening, to earn a little extra money.

A New York dealer in farm produce advertises "special eggs for invalids." With each egg the man is reported to furnish a certificate that it is not over 48 hours old.

A proposal of marriage in Siam is simple. You ask a lady to marry you by merely offering her a flower or by taking a light from a cigarette if is happens to be in her mouth.

Every day the Thames scoops out of its banks 1500 tons of matter, or half a million tons a year. All the rivers of the world are doing a similar work; the Mississippi at the rate of 360,000,000 tons a year.

In China, when there is only circumstantial evidence against persons suspected of crime, the accused is tortured until he confesses. Sometimes an innocent person will confess, just to escape torture.

Hebrew is rapidly becoming the living language of Palestine again. The Jews, who are gathering there from various lands, speak so many tongues that necessity calls for a common one. It is only natural that Hebrew should be their choice.

They're telling about big catfish down in the Southwest. When the sawyers took a holly cypress log out of the water near Marianna, Ark., two catfish were found inside. One weighed 60 pounds and the other 45. The mill men were so inflamed by their find that they got kitchen dippers and dipped out the pond—it was low water—and found several barrels of equally fine specimens in the mud.

A Michigan man some time ago lost his gold watch and chain. Last week, while a foot bridge which spans a deep and swift running stream, he saw something glitter at his feet. Examination showed it to be the bar of his missing chain, and that below it the watch was hanging safely. The watch had slipped through a crevice in the planks, but chain bar had caught and held it safely suspended.

A peculiar incident happened recently in connection with the rifle practice of a New York regiment, at the New Jersey State Camp, at Sea Girt. While one of the officers was firing at a target, 300 yards away, three black birds flew across the range, and at the crack of the rifle one of the birds fell. Upon examination it was found that the bullet had gone through the body of the bird, and, without deviation, had buried itself in the centre of the target.

A VISION.

BY W. W. L.

A yellow sunset fills the land,
A yellow tint gleams on the grass;
A yellow light lays on the pool,
That glows like burnished glass.

Down through the quiet yellow light,
Across the silent land,
In misty robes of white she comes,
With asphodel and lotus in her hand.

ABOUT THE SHARK.

All sailors hate the shark. It is the pest of every sea that it frequents. Its appetite is enormous, and it can digest almost anything. Driven by hunger, it becomes fearless; but it is curious that those fishes that abound in harbors seem less dangerous than the fellows that are found in the open.

While a ship was crossing the Bay of Panama it was becalmed. To amuse themselves, some of the passengers had a small boat partly lowered down the vessel's side, and fell a-fishing. In their eagerness for sport, too many crowded into the boat. Seeing their peril, the captain shouted—

"Gentlemen, take care! The ropes and tackle won't bear the weight of you all."

Hardly had he uttered the warning when the rope yielded, and seven persons were flung into the sea. Not one of them rose to the surface again. A few straw hats, a few bubbles of air, and by-and-by a few drops of blood alone served to mark the spot where the fishers had been seized by the secret prowlers of the deep—a gaunt, lean, and ever-hungry race they are, merciless in their savagery, in that part of the Pacific.

In the harbor of Sydney, one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, the sharks, numerous as they are and gigantic in size, feed on the refuse of the city and, in fact, perform the part of scavengers of the sea. The result is, the fishes are seldom hungry, and it is the exception, not the rule, for human beings to be captured by them, even though boats, especially on regatta day, are often being capsized.

Sydney boys, too, will bathe where they have no right to bathe, choosing prohibited spots, with that cheerful alacrity to do forbidden things that characterises small boys in all quarters of the globe, and yet their daring rarely brings them into trouble. Cases have, however, been known where a shark has actually knocked a poor boy off the quay, and then devoured them.

The constant presence of danger in the long run makes folk more or less careless, or, as the saying is, "Familiarity breeds contempt." But it doesn't do to despise the shark, as the negroes on the west coast of Africa find to their cost. Some of these bold black men were bathing off Cape Coast, when a shark was seen to be drawing near, quite unnoticed by them. A warning cry having been raised, the negroes beat a wise retreat, all save one foolhardy fellow. His danger was so serious that a man was sent with a bottle of rum to tempt him to the beach, but it was of no avail. The shark grabbed him, nipped off a whole leg, and by-and-by the waves threw his dead body ashore.

In the River Hoogly the man-eating sharks are such a plague that it is part of the duties of the Calcutta police to arrest as many of them as they can. Rewards are offered for their destruction, the amount of payment depending upon the size of the captured fish.

At the great feasts of Samoans—the flesh of the shark is the chief dainty, and the fish is therefore in much request.

The fishing of the shark thus becomes one of the leading features of the islanders' lives. The boats are manned, three men to a boat—the dog probably being forgotten, as likely to be a nuisance—who take with them plenty of bait and stout ropes of bark fibre. The favorite mode of fishing is to drop a baited hook from a canoe, and then bring the line ashore. When a shark bites, the natives seize the rope, and, singing and dancing, haul the prize into shallow water, where it is put to death at once. The Samoans, being as much at home in the briny as the shark is, view the risks of the sport with indifference, and, as it happens, accidents seldom occur.

Another strange method of catching sharks is in vogue amongst these South Sea islanders. A large log of wood, from which there is suspended a strong rope with a noose at the end of it, is floated on the waters. Presently one shark, and then another, comes up to the noose out of curiosity, until by-and-by quite a crowd of fishes is playing around it. Before long one of them runs its head into the noose, and darting hither and thither, is wearied out at last by the attendant log, and falls an easy victim, having really hanged itself.

The Basking Shark, occasionally thirty-six feet long, derives its name from its remarkable habit of floating on the surface of the sea and basking in the sun. It usually travels in pairs, the one following the other. This great length of moving matter has more than once been mistaken for the Sea Serpent.

One of the most singularly shaped of fishes is the Hammer-headed Shark of tropical seas. Its head branches on in the form of huge T, an eye being placed at each end of the "cross-piece." Thus it is uncanny-looking object.

In respect of being able to digest almost anything, the shark outrivals the ostrich. A lady's work-box, the papers of a slave ship, a horse's head, whales' blubber in lumps of seven pounds, all kinds of ships' appliances: these and a vast variety of odds and ends, hardly likely to be nourishing, have been found inside a shark. And it is even said to provide its young with a harbor of refuge by swallowing them, and keeping them in hiding until the danger is past.

And, to conclude, is it not strange that this savage shark is one of the most ancient of fishes? Therefore it is but right this "blue-blooded" creature should be a mighty monarch of the main. And better still is it that both sailor and fisherman smile at his claims of long descent, and chop off his head whenever they get the chance.

Grains of Gold.

Hunger never finds any fault with the bread.

The right kind of goodness is always good for something.

It is human to err, and human nature to say, "I told you so."

Those who are close with money are very often liberal with advice.

The man who gives his child to the street will give the world a thief.

All heaven listens when we send up a heartfelt prayer for an enemy's good.

It does not follow because hearts of oak are desirable that wooden heads are.

Justice is exalted, strengthened and honored by the judicious praise of merit.

To steal the peace and comfort of another is no better than to steal his money.

If you have never been in adversity you cannot be sure that you have a real friend.

The man who is true to his own highest interests cannot be false to anybody else.

If there is any dog in a man it is pretty apt to growl when his food is not to his taste.

If you can't do the work you like to do, pray that you may like the work you have to do.

There is no way of making a permanent success in this world without giving an honest equivalent for it.

Either selfishness or laziness is the prompting motive of the man who is always on the hunt for an easy place.

Knowledge is power in this noblest sense, that it enables us to benefit others and to pay our way honorably in life by being of use.

The fact that there are hypocrites in the church proves that there are also good people. Worthless things are never counterfeited.

Femininities.

Many a man's income is limited only by the amount he can borrow.

It never pays to send the children into the street to get quiet in the parlor.

The Greek Church employs two rings, one of gold the other of silver, in the marriage ceremony.

In Hong Kong, according to recent statistics, the population averages only 300 women to every 1000 men.

"My darling," whispered the Chicago man. "My life," she murmured. "You are the only wife I ever loved."

Higgs: "Figgs is prospering, isn't he?" Hatch: "Oh, yes. He's got now to where he can sass his butcher."

Miss Samantha King, a pretty school teacher at Inland, Ohio, with a wagon and team recently worked out the poll tax which had been levied upon her.

Of late years Madame Alboni, the great contralto, who died in Paris recently, had become so fat that she could not walk without the assistance of two strong men.

Mrs. Hicks: "Are you sure that you married me for myself alone?"

Hicks: "Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine."

Bride: "George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly married."

George: "All right, Maude; you can carry this bag."

A Canadian bride recently went to the altar with a pet canary tethered to her neck by a gold chain. The bird perched on her shoulder, and during the ceremony burst into a glad song.

He: Now that you have rejected me, may I say one word to you as a friend?

She: Certainly.

He: Well, I think you're making the greatest mistake of your life.

A girl baby born to the wife of Juda Grossman, of New York city, lately, has two extra fingers and one additional toe. On each hand there is a second little finger, and on the left foot there are six toes.

In Italian families children's nurses are considered the most important members of the household. They are well paid, petted, finely clothed, and all the other servants are expected to wait upon them.

A French lady of very elegant figure was recently asked why she always had such enormously stout servants. Her answer was characteristic: "To prevent their wearing my clothes when I am away from home."

Probably the youngest tramp on record is the 4-year-old girl who toddled from Astoria, Oregon, to Woodside, the other day. She had walked for five days, picking up eatables on the way and sleeping in the brush.

Never tell people of several faults at once. You will profit them nothing, but discourage them greatly. Rather set their faults gradually before them, as you see that they have courage to bear the sight with advantage.

A sentimental French jury acquitted a forger named Clouroc, at Cherbourg, recently, because he said he wanted the money to send his intended bride to Paris to undergo a surgical operation on which her life depended.

The Empress of Russia is very fond of the Danish black or rye bread, such as is baked for the soldiers. During her Majesty's visits to Denmark she eats this kind of bread every day, and when at home a loaf is sent to Russia every fifth day.

Sarah Bernhardt continues to display some of the eccentricities of genius. She attended an afternoon tea in London the other day, clad in an enormous sealskin ulster, which covered even her feet. The day was very warm and tea was in order.

The Princess Eulalia, who is not having so pleasant time just now as she had during her recent visit to America, is said to be very proud of her hands. She wears gloves all day and all night as well, so the story goes, and is an enthusiastic patron of all the new lotions.

Two ex-lovers meet. She, inquiringly: Married yet?

He, bitterly: No.

She, bitingly: How surprising!

He, suavely: Engaged yet?

She, delightedly: Yes.

He, revengefully: How surprising.

A Berlin letter says: Domestic servants in Germany do a vast amount of work for very little money. A case is cited of one servant, nominally a lady's maid, who acted also as dressmaker and head laundry maid to the family, and received the princely wage of $25 per annum. Younger servants, such as nurse-maids, etc., are passing rich on $15 or $20 a year.

She was a spinster from the country, come to the city to see the sights, and as she watched the hundreds of the opposite sex hurrying along the streets she stood lost in wonderment. "Well, well!" she said at length, drawing a deep breath and gazing wistfully around. "To think there should be all those men in the world and yet I can't get one of them for a husband!"

Masculinities.

Regrets do not make redress.

It is foolish to make professions that you do not live up to.

Many a fellow may know his own mind and not be overburdened with knowledge at that.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

Ex-Governor Buren R. Sherman, of Iowa, is now a clerk in a country store in the northern part of that State.

Some one who has been reading up the Peerage says that the Prince of Wales has 17 brothers-in-law, 57 cousins and 38 nephews and nieces.

John B. Cunningham, of Rome, N. Y., won the championship for wheelmen of his class recently by riding a mile in 2.45, and a half mile in 1.14. He has only one leg.

Mistress: This floor doesn't look very clean, Bridget. Have you swept it to-day?

Bridget: No, mum, I didn't shwape it to-day or yesterday. But I shwept it t'ree toimes the day before.

Marshal Canrobert, probably the oldest living holder of a baton, recently celebrated his 86th birthday. He is the pet of his aunt, Mme. Wilkinson, who is hale and hearty in her 102d year.

In the mind of Lyman Preston, of Meriden, Conn., advertising pays. He and Dorothy L. Owen were married recently through the medium of an advertisement inserted by Preston.

Another proof that the war of the rebellion has been over for a good many years is found in the fact that Mrs. U. S. Grant visited Mrs. Jefferson Davis at Narragansett Pier one day lately.

One of the queer delusions of a patient in the Kankakee, Ill., Insane Asylum is that his feet are made of sardines. As he is harmless he is permitted to keep them tied up in tin cans filled with olive oil.

"Dora," said her mother to the summer girl, "isn't that young Mr. Smarters getting very pronounced in his attentions?"

"Oh, that's all right, mamma," said Dora. "He doesn't mean anything. We're engaged."

In the hurry and anxiety of his coming wedding, a Boston groom recently forgot about procuring his license to wed until the ceremony was about to begin. As a result the marriage had to be postponed until the next day.

"Miss Alice?" said one, "why, she must weigh at least 150 pounds."

"Nonsense! she doesn't, either!" hastily spoke up one of the young men present.

And then everybody laughed and asked him how he knew.

The newsdealer: Do you think, Miss Primley, that that style of literature is just the proper thing for a Sunday-school teacher?

Miss Primley: Well, not exactly, of course; but, you see, I must keep posted so as to be able to caution my scholars.

Another Lord has drifted into trade—the Earl of Harrington (known as an enthusiastic collector of snuff boxes), who has opened a fruiterer's shop in London. It will be supplied from his gardens, which are among the finest in England.

Dickey, greatly puzzled by the twins, to one of them: Are you yourself or your sister?

One of the twins: I'm my sister.

Dickey: Gracious! Well, where can I find you? I've got this dance with you.

Highwayman, to Mr. Levy, second-hand dealer in miscellaneous property: Your money or your life.

Mr. Levy: Mine friendt, you cannot exbect me to gif you my money for nodings, and mine life vot'd do you no good. But I tells you vot I vill do—I vill buy dot bistol off you at a fair brice.

The closing of New York gambling houses under the recent pressure has driven gamblers in large numbers to seek game on foreign shores. One of the worst effects of the exodus has been the growth of gambling on board outgoing steamers to Europe. Many have been the cases reported to ship officers of how the shrewd dealer of cards has swept away the fortune of some unsuspecting passenger.

Some idea of the number of New York men who get their clothes in London may be gathered from the fact that one week recently there were 23 agents for English tailoring houses in that city. Most of the goods are brought into this country free of duty, and cost the wearer a little less than the same clothes made here. All the big London houses have places there where alterations are made free of charge.

A man dressed only in a night robe of scanty length walked into the ticket office of one of the ferries connecting with New York recently and asked the astonished agent for a ticket to New York. Thinking he had a lunatic to deal with, the agent rushed into the street shouting for help. His outcries awoke the man in the night robe, who proved to be a somnambulist, though it required the special intervention of friends to prove the fact and save the thinly-clad sleepwalker from spending the remainder of the night in the police station.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

At a recent fashionable wedding the gown was a plain white moire antique, made with a train four yards long; the bodice draped with the material, but also with most covetable Italian point in the form of a falling collar, cape and cascade, the tulle veil being kept in place by real orange blossoms. The bridesmaids followed the old fashion, which is now being revived, of wearing tulle veils and pink roses, matching the bouquets they carried, and a pretty single rose that nestled in the front of their gowns, which were of white satin and mousseline de soie. The black satin sashes encircled the waist and were brought under the arms and tied on the bust in a large bow. The sleeves were quite new, the fulness at the back being caught to the elbow with a rosette.

Fashionable handkerchiefs for ladies are either festooned or have a border of another color. The borders are in different widths and are to be seen in plain, flowered and striped effects.

Much liked are handkerchiefs with a half-inch border in rose, lilac, black or blue; also those with large dots. When used on the border these dots are placed very near one other. Small bouquets on the border are also favored and a larger bouquet is also seen in each corner.

New designs are in half-moons and many have as designs tools, such as hammers, tongs, etc. On others appear children's faces surrounded by blonde or black hair, each face being the size of a pea. The best demand is for scroll, tuft and flower designs. Nearly always the border is in another color or the design on it shows some variation from that of the handkerchief.

In the corners are often seen regular figures from which start garlands of flowers which run all over the ground. One handkerchief is entirely covered with forget me-nots. Its border is scalloped. A similar arrangement is obtainable in violets, and this border is adorned with the flower in a size larger than natural.

New are small bouquets with long ribbon-like runners in light blue. The entire ground of this handkerchief is covered with the design. On the border the ribbon alone is seen. The border stripes on handkerchiefs which were formerly white are now mostly colored, ten or fifteen narrow lines being placed close together, or larger stripes alternating with smaller.

Much demand exists for handkerchiefs embroidered on the machine in a scalloped border. Those made by hand are more elegant, but their higher cost makes them articles of luxury rather than goods for everyday use. A hand-wide border with embroidered dots or colored flowers accompanies the scalloped border. Much liked at present are damasked handkerchiefs in white, as well as in colors. The patterns are in scattered flowers, thorns, scrolls, berries, twigs and other effects.

All these handkerchiefs have broad borders, which on some are entirely plain, while on others they show a design different from that of the ground. Handkerchiefs in the style known as dernier cri show checks or stripes in blue, mauve and rose. One pattern is crossed by four white and four black lines bunched together, which cut the ground into large squares, the ground being pale lilac.

Another in golden brown shows three white stripes at a distance of about half an inch from each other, while the border shows a third color. The same pattern is seen in linen and in silk.

A charming afternoon toilet in the new smoke gray, composed of that most popular material, "crepon." The skirt, which has the usual moderate flare, is made perfectly plain, and falls round the figure in long graceful folds, which is the proper effect of the real flare skirt. The waist is close fitting at the back, while the front piece is drawn to the side, and fastens under a bow of rich deep blue velvet, which is brought from the side seam. Another dash of the velvet runs from the same seam over the left side and under the larger sailor collar. The excessively large sleeves of this elegant little dress are caught in from the elbow to the wrist with three bands of the velvet, which give a wonderfully novel and unique effect to the entire gown. The little demi-vest is of gray chiffon, and has a drawn collar band of the same.

Another represents a remarkably tasteful and novel arrangement of a dainty, soft, pale mauve silk. The flare silk is untrimmed, save for the long sash ends of rich dark violet satin. The waist is very finely pleated, to look almost like an accordion. The pleating all comes from the yoke, which is of cream guipure accordion lace. The lower part of the waist terminates in a "swiss" band of the lace, over which is draped the rich violet satin. This is finished with a four-looped bow at the side, from whence fall the satin ribbons to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are extremely full and fussy to the elbow, from there they gradually tighten to the wrist. The shoulders are tied with narrow violet ribbon velvet, and terminate with a butterfly bow on top.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Nut Cake.—Four eggs, well beaten; two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cold water, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, and one of soda. Two cups of chopped nut meats, added the last thing.

Genoa Cake.—Six ounces of flour, one ounce of almonds, four ounces of butter, three ounces of sultanas, four ounces of sugar, three eggs, two ounces of peel, half teaspoon baking powder, half teaspoon lemon essence, cream, butter, and sugar. Add eggs well beaten, then flour, fruit, and baking powder. Bake in moderate oven till ready.

Curry Balls.—Put one cup of rice into a double boiler with one cup of milk. Cook slowly until the rice has absorbed the milk, then stir. Add the yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, a teaspoonful of onion juice and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Mix all well together over the fire and turn out to cool. When cold form into small balls about the size of a walnut. Dip in egg and then in fine bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat. This makes a nice garnish for fried chicken with cream sauce.

Cherry Cups.—Stir together and sift a pint of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, making it into a soft dough with water. Having buttered some large cups, drop into each a little dough for a foundation, then a tablespoonful of stoned cherries, covering with dough to half fill the cups. Place them in a pan of hot water, set that in the oven, cover it and steam for half an hour. Cherry sauce or sweet cream may be used as a dressing.

Parkin Biscuits.—Quarter pound of flour, quarter pound of oatmeal, quarter pound of treacle, one ounce of butter or lard, one ounce of sugar, three-quarter teaspoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful ginger. Mix all the dry things in a basin, and melt the treacle and butter together and stir them in among the dry things. Mix well, and take it up in pieces. Roll these round, then flatten them with the hand, and put them on an oven tin. Stick half an almond on the top, and bake gently till firm. Fine oatmeal is best. They burn very easily.

White Sauce.—One cup of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of butter. Rub together flour and butter, and add the milk which has been brought to boiling point, stirring rapidly; and then season with salt and white pepper, also celery salt if liked. Very nice for vegetables and for warming over fish. For vegetables cut them in cubes and cover with the sauce. For fish (boiled is the nicest), flake what is left from dinner, and put into a baking dish with a very little onion juice; cover with the same, and then cover the whole with bread crumbs, and bake about a half hour in a hot oven. Very nice for a supper relish.

Pickled Beetroot.—Six beetroots, half ounce of peppercorns, two pints of vinegar, one blade of mace, half an ounce of ginger, one dozen of cloves. Wash the beetroots gently, take care not to break the fibres, as they will bleed and lose their color. Put them into a saucepan, with boiling water tasted with salt, to boil for an hour and a half. Take them up, peel and cut in slices an eighth of an inch thick, and put them in a jar. Boil a pint of vinegar with the peppercorns, mace, cloves, ginger, and, when boiled, add to it a pint of cold vinegar. Pour the whole over the beetroots in the jar, and, when quite cold, cover tightly.

Chocolate Pudding.—A chocolate pudding that is both economical and pretty, besides being palatable, is made of powdered cracker crumbs. Use three-quarters of a cupful, which you soak a few minutes in water, and squeeze dry; to this add three ounces of chocolate dissolved in a little cold milk, a pinch of salt, three-quarters of a cup of sugar and the same of butter, beaten with the yolks of three eggs, pour in a quart of milk, stir all together. Bake about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes in a rather quick oven. Set aside to cool, and then put in a meringue on top made of the whites of eggs and a cup of powdered sugar; put it back in the oven to brown slightly.

Cream of Bean Soup.—One pint of any kind of beans, half pound of salt pork, half an onion. Put in porcelain kettle, pour over three quarts cold water, let come gradually to a boil and simmer until the beans are quite soft. Then press through a colander or coarse sieve into the water they were boiled in. Thicken with flour or corn starch, and add a little grated nutmeg and pepper. To be served very hot with fried bread cut in small squares.

A Cyclist's Race.

BY S. E. W.

A CYCLIST riding through the forest some miles from Moscow recently had a terrible adventure with a pack of wolves.

After riding a long time (he says), I heard a slight sound as of "yak, yak." I stopped and dismounted in order to listen. After a while I heard it again plainly. I concluded that it must be a dog barking in some farm-yard near. Mounting again I rode on at a redoubled rate. The only thing that perplexed me was that the sound came from behind, but this I attributed to some curious echo. Soon the sound grew louder, and it was plain that whatever it was it came from more throats than one. It was like a bark, yet it was not the bark of a dog.

In a moment the hideous truth burst in upon me. The sound was from behind; they were following me; they were drawing up on me. They were not dogs. They were wolves. For a moment I felt as if there were no power in my limbs. Only by a strong effort I managed to work the bicycle at all. Even in those few seconds of terror the brutes had measurably approached. Regaining courage, I raced for my life. I certainly forged ahead a little, but I could not keep up the speed.

Closer and closer, undoubtedly, they were coming. And now, as the brutes were gaining on me, they ceased to yelp. But this was even less endurable. To think of death, and a death so horrible, coming thus, silent and inevitable, in the darkness of the night, in the midst of a Russian pine-forest! I could now hear the scurrying, pattering sound they made as they sped over the ground.

Sometimes a solitary yelp would break the stillness, and once or twice, as if preconcerted, the whole pack burst into a fearful chorus. The moon was now up, and I could see as I looked back the pack a hundred yards behind; all but one lean, famished brute, who, with red tongue lolling out, was, I saw to my horror, within ten yards of me.

Just then the noise of a torrent burst on my ears; a wide, open space in the centre of the forest lay before me. Running through the centre of it shone in the moonlight the foaming waters of a mountain stream. It lay down in a low but steep ravine, its rocky bank rising straight to the height of 10 feet or thereabouts. On the opposite bank I could see the white road still continuing. Further on a light beamed out. I shouted loud, but it only seemed to set the wolves behind me yelping more fiercely than ever.

But, looking ahead, I perceived that the bridge, if ever a bridge had been there, no longer existed. It had probably been swept away by some flood in the river. Despairingly I looked at the light that lay only a few hundred yards away from me—that light that promised shelter and human companionship to me, could I reach it. I shouted and shouted, again and again. I was now within 10 yards of the river. I was hesitating whether to end my life at once by riding over the precipice and into the torrent, or to dismount and die standing at bay. Just as I was about to adopt the latter course, I perceived that the bridge was not entirely gone; one solitary pine trunk spanned the torrent from cliff to cliff.

In a moment I had decided on my course. I grasped the handles tightly, and put on the highest speed I could, for I knew that the faster the pace the more accurately I could steer. I murmured a prayer. I was on the beam. Fortunately, it was somewhat planed on the top. Steadily I kept my eyes on the narrow track, every little unevenness, every knot in the timber I had to steer clear of. The slightest jolt would have cast me into the swirling waters beneath. I may say, with truth, that the texture and outline of every inch of that beam is imprinted on my memory to this day.

I remember even how the rough, jagged edges of the bark that still clung to the trunk stood out against the background, or rather, "underground," of white, rushing foam. So intent was I on it that for the time I gave not a thought to the wolves that had forced on me so hazardous a ride. But twice a thrill of terror ran through me as the trunk tilted over to one side and threatened to pitch me down. Yet it must be remembered that all this took place in, at the most, three seconds.

Now I was not a foot from the other bank when the beam gave a third tilt over. I leaned again to the other side. This time in vain. Before I well knew it I was falling. But I made a wild spring toward the bank. Fortune favored me. I landed on my face into a cluster of bramble bushes. I seized hold of them, and though my legs hung over the precipice, I pulled myself up. Below me I heard a splash, caused by my machine as it fell. A moment after there was a louder one. I turned to look, and saw with the greatest joy I ever felt the beam was gone! I heard a smothered yelp below me, and saw the wolf that had followed me so close swept down by the torrent. He and I must have been together on the beam. Words fail to describe the terrible din of the infuriated pack when they saw their prey had escaped them. I now looked up the road and heard answering shouts in the direction of the light; a door opened, as I could see by the increased brightness that beamed out. There is little else to tell. I spent the night in the peasant's hut. The next day I reached Moscow, but little the worse for my terrible ride.

A LADY AND KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—Mrs. Isabella Burton, so well known as the wife of the great traveler, Captain Richard Burton, and as herself a traveler and author of considerable repute, has been employing her time at Trieste, where her husband was English Consul, in a work of nobility and mercy by no means to be slighted because its mission is to brutes.

This gentle and energetic lady at first addressed herself more especially to labors of human charity, but the Austrian Adriatic seaport seems to be blessed in this respect; she was somewhat scornfully asked whether she supposed that the people of Trieste knew nothing of charity before she came to teach them. And in effect she found forty-eight benevolent institutions in full activity among the poor and sick.

It was far otherwise with the poor animals, overworked, underfed, beaten, and slaughtered without the check of legislation. Mrs. Burton's efforts have been eminently successful, and the more so, no doubt from the fact that they were directed less to the chastisement of cruelty than to the reward and encouragement of kindness.

A ruffianly donkey driver who had long eluded her watchfulness, by covering up the wounds of his poor little beast as he passed along the streets, was at last detached, through her stratagem in sleeping for a night at a roadside inn which the man was wont to pass. She heard the sound of the stick in the early morning, sprang from her bed, flew out in a dressing gown, and bought the donkey, without making any effort to punish its wretched owner.

Nevertheless, it is with some satisfaction that she records that the man's wife herself administered the fellow a beating for returning donkeyless. The tramways, markets, and roads of busy Trieste are now full of evidences of the good accomplished by Mrs. Burton and the society she presides over.

ERSKINE'S WIT.—Lord Erskine was a wit, and the most eloquent advocate of his day. His wit, however, was never venomous, but uttered with such good-natured and high-bred courtesy as to disarm those it pierced. An old lawyer by the name of Lamb was constitutionally timid, and on one occasion remarked that he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," replied Erskine, good-naturedly; "everyone knows that the older a lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes." The Duke of Queensberry laid before Erskine a case as to whether he, the duke, could sue a tradesman for breach of contract about the painting of his house. As the evidence was insufficient to support the case, Erskine replied as follows: "I am of opinion that this action will not lie, unless the witnesses do."

THE Pacific Hotel Company has issued an order that the girls presiding over its lunch counters and its dining rooms must wear a blue serge dress, rather loose fitting, and reaching to just below the knee; and also a blue cap, sailor fashion. Miss Mamie Kelly and Miss Lou Koogle, who serve the coffee and pie at the Omaha Union depot, objected to donning the uniform, and rather than do so resigned. The girls say the uniform is neither becoming nor pretty and is far from modest. It is understood the girls along the Union Pacific object to wearing it and will quit before they will. In speaking of the matter to a friend the girls said they thought that it was perfectly horrid.

OF NOBLE ACTIONS.—When you see an action in itself noble, to suspect the soundness of its motive is like supposing every high thing, mountains among the rest, to be hollow. Yet how many unbelieving believers pride themselves on this uncharitable folly! These are your silly vulgarwise, your shallow men of penetration, who measure all things by their own littleness, and who, by professing justly to know nothing else, seem to fancy they earn a right to know human nature exclusively. Let none such be trusted in their judgments upon any one, not even on themselves always.

CREAM-OF-TARTAR TREES.

Nature's laboratory is ceaselessly working, developing and storing up products for the use of mankind at large. In the vegetable kingdom this is especially noticeable; and if man sometimes only succeeds, after much experiment and work, in making the plant give up its useful properties, at other times—and these are of frequent occurrence—he finds that product already manufactured, and requiring but a small amount of preparation to render it fit for utilization. To this latter category of plants yielding ready-made products, the Cream-of-Tartar Trees may be said to belong; they are members of the genus "Adansonia," of the natural order "Bombaceæ." Until within the past few years, it was thought that only one species could rightly claim the title of the cream-of-tartar tree—the gouty-stem tree of Northern Australia. Recent researches have, however, proved that the Baobab of Senegal contains nearly two per cent. of free tartaric acid, and nearly twelve per cent. of bitartrate of potassium. The acid is found in the farinaceous pulp surrounding the seed, and has at all times been highly esteemed by travelers, who mix it with a little water in order to make a refreshing beverage.

Until the discovery of the Mammoth Tree of California and the Eucalyptus, the Adansonia was considered the largest tree in the world. Its height is from forty to seventy feet, and its diameter near the base very often thirty feet, whilst the top is over one hundred and eighty feet across. A Venetian who has left us the most ancient description of the tree, tells us that in 1454 he found one at the mouth of the Senegal with a circumference of one hundred and twelve feet. The tree is very disproportionate, as may be gathered from the fact that Gregory—after whom the Australian species is named—saw one eighty-five feet in circumference at a height of two feet from the ground. A missionary in Madagascar, writing some years back, speaks of the Adansonia, an allied species, as the ugliest specimen of a tree he had ever beheld, and likened it to a fat two-gallon bottle the neck of which had been knocked off, and a few birch twigs placed there instead. The lower branches of the "Adansonia digitata" are very long, and at first horizontal, extending, perhaps, sixty feet; the consequence of which is that they bend down to the ground, entirely hiding the trunk, and giving the tree the appearance of a huge mass of verdure.

Not the least curious feature about these trees is the age some of them are supposed to have attained. From inscriptions Adanson discovered cut into the trunks of some trees in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he computed—judging from the depths of the cuts, which were covered with new layers of wood, and from the comparison of the thickness of trunks whose various ages were known—that the trees having a diameter of thirty-two feet were 5150 years old.

Dr. Duchassaing, some years back, recommended that the bark should be used medicinally in the place of cinchona bark; but, for some reason, his suggestion was never followed up. The bark contains a remarkably strong fibre, which in some parts is made into ropes, and in others woven into cloth. Experiments have been made in this country with a view of utilising it for paper. All who tried it agreed that the bark possessed magnificent properties; but it cannot be imported in sufficiently large quantities to make it of any commercial interest.

A bitter principle, to which the name of "Adansonin" has been given, is extracted from the bark. It appears in fine white needles of a smell similar to that of aloes or gentian, and is extremely bitter in taste. It is interesting from the fact it is the only product known up to the present that has an antagonistic action to be Strophanthus arrow-poison, a deadly poisonous seed used by the natives on the west and east coasts of Africa, to insure their arrows inflicting a fatal wound. Although both Adansonia and Strophanthus grow in the same vicinity, the natives seem to be unaware of the antidotal properties of the former.

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.—These nests resemble hay cocks. They are four feet high and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed with grass and herbage. First they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of their unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the sun, and then takes the brood under her care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Luckenberg, of New Orleans, remarked that he once packed up one of their nests, together with the eggs, in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended, before he closed it, to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched during the voyage. On opening one a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest—about a hundred—which were fed in the doctor's house, where they went up and down stairs, barking and whining like young puppies.

MET THEIR MATCH.—A little while ago the minister of a certain church in Scotland came to the conclusion that one of his flock, a shrewd old lady, had not been present at Divine service so frequently as was necessary for her spiritual welfare.

So he called for two of his elders, and sallied forth to interview the delinquent on the subject.

That astute personage, having been forewarned of the intended visit, prepared a sumptuous repast, consisting of the finest of haddocks and the lightest of scones, sufficient in quantity to make a good meal for a dozen ordinary persons.

But the minister and the two deacons were not ordinary persons—at least, in the matter of appetite; and therefore, when they arose from the feast, there was nothing left but the bones of the haddocks. Then, with much unction, the minister proceeded to interrogate his hostess as to her absence from kirk.

"Deed," she indignantly replied, "I was there last Sabbath."

"Then what was the text, Elisabeth?"

"I ken 'twas aboot the loaves and fishes. They took up of the fragments that remained twelve basketsful. Was'na that it?"

"Ah, quite right, Elisabeth. And have you been thinking about it since?"

"Deed, I thocht just now that if ye and the elders had been there, the disciples would'na have taken up one basketful, much less twelve!"

TOMMY—"Maw, the teacher wants us to give the difference between 'hope' and 'expect.'" Mrs. Figg—"Well, I hope to meet your father in the next world, but I hardly expect to."

Down to Cape May.

Those taking one of the steamer Republic's trips to Cape May enjoy a very extensive series of entertainments, etc., including a free theatrical and vaudeville show, free vocal and instrumental concerts, free dancing on an excellent floor to first-class music, free clambakes every Monday at Cape May, free Breakwater trips and free ocean sails, and to these is now to be added free juvenile shows every Tuesday for the benefit of and participated in by talented children.

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THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.—These towers, which are built on the top of Malabar Hills, in the island adjacent to Bombay, are six in number, and overlook the sea; the oldest one being three hundred years old. The internal arrangements of the towers are as follows: The bodies are placed in three separate circles—the outer and larger one for men, the middle one for women, and the smallest one children. There is a pit in the centre, into which the bones are thrown after the flesh is stripped off, and there are pits to allow the priest to move about. The flooring gradually sinks to the centre to let the rain into the pits, from which it percolates through filters into the earth. The towers vary in size from about thirty to fifty feet in diameter, and eight to fourteen in height. This Parsee mode of disposing of the dead seems to European minds very revolting. The body, after the religious ceremony is performed in the temple where the friends are assembled, is carried out and placed in one of the towers, where it remains exposed to the elements until the flesh is entirely eaten off by the crowds of vultures which frequent the place in about an hour. When the skeleton becomes dry it is thrown into the pit in the centre; thus the rich and poor meet together on one level of equality after death. When the pit becomes full of bones they are taken out and thrown into the sea, fulfilling one of the principal tenets of the Zoroastrian religion—"That the mother Earth shall not be defiled."

FIRE-FLIES.—There are many kinds of fire-flies known. Those which give an intermittent light are popularly distinguished as "lightning bugs." The glow-worm of literature is the female of a European fire-fly. She never acquires wings. Her luminous substance is a soft yellow grease, extending in a thin layer along the inner side of the abdomen. A few glow-worms exist in the United States, but they are rare. The common fireflies of this country have wings, females as well as males. The larvæ are stout-bodied and grub-like, found under stones and logs. They yield some light.

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Humorous.

"LET'S GO FISHIN'."

One day Sally said to me,
"Let's go fishin'."
(Jest the very thing, you see,
For which I'd been a-wishin!)

So, I got my tackle up—
Bait enough for twenty;
Hand in hand, across the land,
Went where fish was plenty.

But the honeysuckles dangled,
An' we heard the blossom fall;
An' somehow the lines got tangled
An' we couldn' fish at all!

An' so we let the tackle go—
Fergot about the bait;
An' I told her that I loved her
An' that all the fish could wait!

An' there I won her for my wife—
The joy which I was wishin';
Them lines they tangled us for life,
An' don't care now for fishin'!

—U. N. Nose.

A hanger-on—the man who rides in a crowded street car.

He: "Don't you think, dearest, that Rev. Dr. Sermon is the best man to marry us?" She (three times a widow): "I think so, dear; I've always had him."

New cook: "No, ma'am, I can't stay any longer. Your daughter has so many dudes calling on her I'm afraid the neighbors will think they come to see me."

Brown: "I wonder that Gray should think of marrying that woman. She is not on speaking terms with her own mother." Black: "Perhaps that is why Gray marries her!"

"Do you go through your husband's pockets at night after he is asleep?" asked one lady of another. "No," was the reply: "John never comes home while he has a cent left."

First Boy: "You're 'fraid to fight, that's what." "No I an't; but if I fight you, my mother'll lick me." "How will she find it out, eh?" "She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

Clara: How was Miss Smith dressed?

Mattie: Oh, she had on the plainest clothes you ever did see.

Clara: They must have matched her face perfectly.

"Can any little boy here," asked the visitor, "give me an example of the expansion of substances by heat?" "I can," said Tommy. "Our dog's tongue is twicest as long now as it was last Winter."

Young Wife: "Gracious! Look here, fellow, your dog has run off with a whole sponge cake I left outside to cool." Tramp: "Don't fret, mum. That dog's stronger than he looks. He kin eat anything."

She: "Don't you feel a draft over there near the window?" He: "I don't know but I do. What would you advise me to do, pull the blind down or move over nearer to you?" "Both." The young man obeyed.

Bearded Lady: The manager is in great trouble just now.

Snake Charmer: What is the matter?

Bearded Lady: He has proposed to the two-headed girl. One of her accepted him and one rejected him.

Boy: It's awful lucky we have our examinations for promotion in the spring, instead of in the fall, when school opens.

Father: Why?

Boy: 'Cause when school begins in the fall we none of us ever know anything.

"What were your motives in voting for that ordinance?" asked the indignant constituent of the alderman.

"My motives," said the alderman, with the dignified air of one repudiating an insulting innuendo, "were the highest I ever acted upon."

Young Fastkind: I thought you told me this horse was without a fault?

Stableman: So OI did, sir.

Young Fastkind: Well, I notice one of his eyes is blind.

Stableman: That's not his fault, sir; it's his misfortune.

There had been some disturbance in the kitchen, and the cook was summoned up stairs.

"What is that loud talking in the kitchen?" demanded the head of the house.

"It's Mr. Hicks' coachman," said the cook.

"Haven't I told you not to entertain men in the kitchen?"

"Ye hov. An' that's the thrubble. Oi'm that disagreeable to 'em they gets mad an' talks loud. Av OI cud be entertainin', 'twud be more quiet like."

The dainty bit of summer girl in a bewildering fluff of gown was twittering sweetly to the rural youth, and he was so tickled he couldn't sit still.

"Is it always so warm as this in the country?" she inquired.

"You don't think this is warm, do you?" he responded.

"Indeed, I do; I think it is positively hot."

"Likely it is, but it is fine weather for corn."

She looked at him doubtfully and blushed.

"But I have no corns," she said, and he fell off the porch in a paroxysm.

THEY WERE ABSENT-MINDED.—A very well known gentleman was invited out to a large dinner party some time ago, and during the dinner he seemed to be much annoyed at something.

When at length the last course had disappeared he stood up, and calling silence he began to apologize, saying he was very sorry his friends had not partaken of a better repast, and that many dishes had been sent up improperly cooked, but he hoped they would excuse it this time, for they were having great trouble with their cooks, the present one having been with them only a short time.

It was not until he sat down and saw the surprised looks of the "friends" around, and the confused face of his host, that he remembered his mistake, and that he was a guest himself!

Another gentleman, noted for being absent-minded, was also dining out. The dinner not being quite to his satisfaction, he ordered the butler to send up the cook; and when the embarrassed "queen o'er the range" appeared he soundly rated her, before the assembled company, for the careless way in which the dinner had been prepared.

Both stories, though hardly believable, are true.

SUNLIGHT TO ORDER.—The famous electrical investigator, Nikola Tesla, has in a dark room, with alternating currents of 800,000 voltage, by means of atmospheric vibrations, caused a faint glow of light to appear.

Explaining this phenomena, M. Tesla said: "If I can increase the atmospheric vibrations, say one million to ten thousand millions, I can produce sunlight in this room. Of course I can increase the vibrations by increasing the voltage. I can make the voltage 8,000,000 as easily as 800,000, but I am not ready to handle 8,000,000 volts of electricity. Currents of electricity of such strength would kill everybody in the room.

"I expect, however, to learn how to control a large voltage. When I have increased the atmospheric vibrations, perhaps a thousand times, the phenomena will be no longer electricity. It will be light.

"I am satisfied that sunlight can be made from electricity, without doing harm to anybody, and I expect to discover how it is done."

JOHN CHINAMAN PUZZLED.—In the show window of a downtown drug store in Portland last week were a couple of articulated human skeletons posed as if in the act of struggling for possession of a football, and throughout each day and far into the nights the ghastly exhibition is the cynosure of scores of slanting eyes. An accompanying placard informs the Caucasian spectator that two opposing teams of medical colleges were to play the great winter game at a certain time and place, and the reader smiled appreciation of the unique advertisement and passed on.

Not so, however, with the Mongolian visitor. He stood and stared and chattered until his numerical strength blocked the sidewalk, and his eager forward pressure threatened to drive a dozen stub noses through the sheet of plate glass they were flattened against. The policeman on the beat has staked his official honor on the assertion that he saw one Chinese spend three and a half hours gazing steadily at the bony frameworks and then retire with evident reluctance.

PLENTY OF TIME.—"By Jove, there goes my train!" were the words that caught the ears of many people standing on a station platform a few days ago, and a short, fat man, with a top hat, hurried through the gates like a thunderbolt and run down the platform with the speed of a rolling hat in a gale of wind.

He held his bag in one hand and sprinted as though it was a matter of life and death. The train shot out towards the end of the platform, but still the short man continued the race, puffing and blowing as he went, to the amusement of the many spectators who were watching him. The little fellow was game, and finally, after a herculean effort, reached the train, threw his bag in and clambered in. Then he sank down and lay as limp as a rag after his prodigious exertions.

The next moment the train backed into the station once more. The other passengers got in at their leisure: and it was not less than ten minutes before the train pulled out again.

Meanwhile the little fat man was hiding himself behind a newspaper.

HEALING BY TOUCH.—In Spain and Portugal the touch of the monarch's hand is credited to this day, by the masses of the people, with possessing the power of healing sickness. Nothing is more strange at Lisbon than to watch the appalling-looking crowd of cripples and victims of every species of human ill thronging the steps leading up to the main entrance of the church where the sovereign happens to be worshipping, awaiting his departure in the hope that in passing he may lay his royal hand upon them and thereby heal them. In Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, and Austria, the popular belief in this virtue of the sovereign has come to an end. The same may be said of Italy, the last king to claim miraculous curative powers being Francis II. of Naples, the brother-in-law of the Empress of Austria.

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